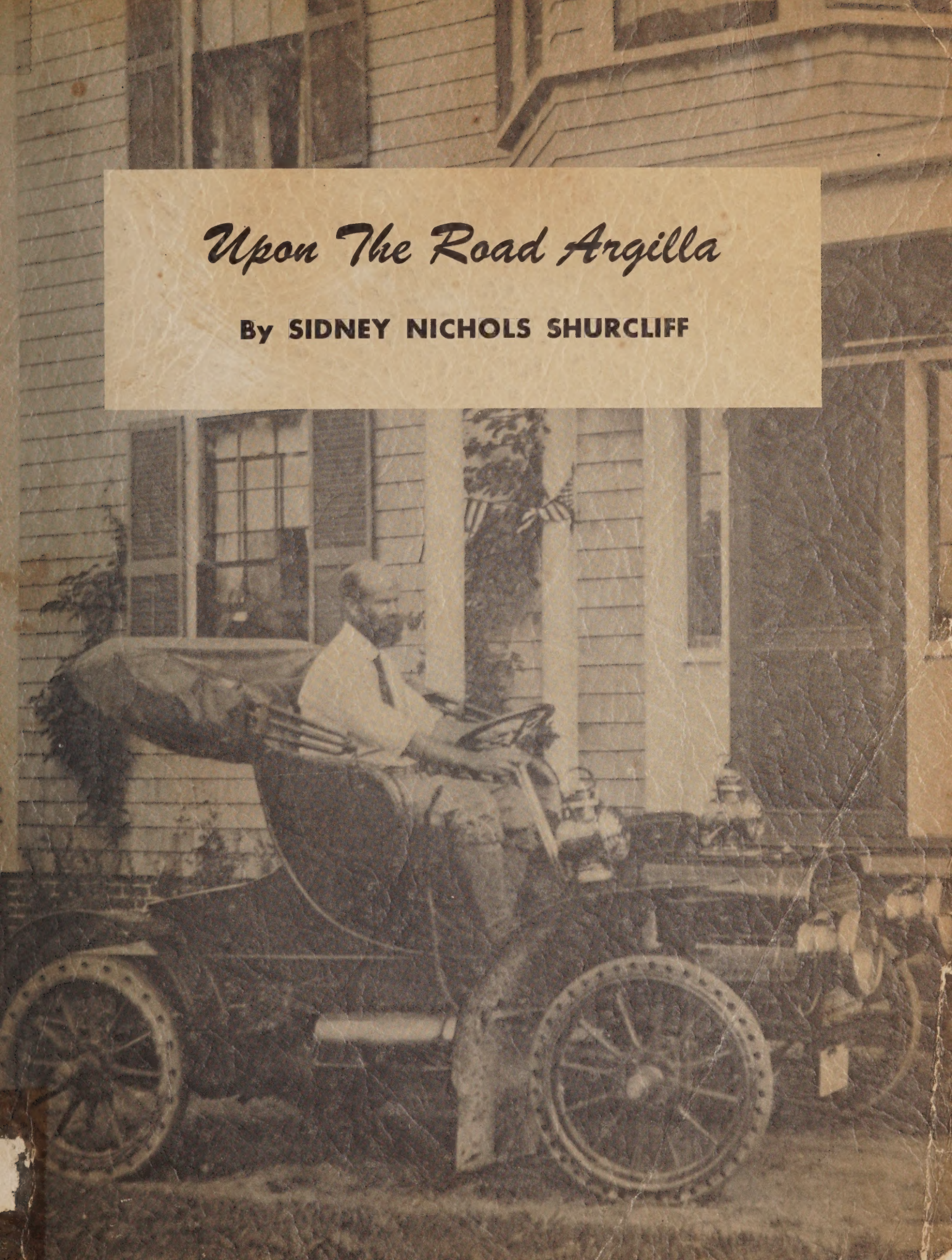
Upon The Road Argilla

By SIDNEY NICHOLS SHURCLIFF



Upon The Road Argilla

BY

SIDNEY NICHOLS SHURCLIFF

A record of the first quarter

century of a unique summer colony.

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with two hundred illustrations

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In Memoriam

CHANDLER ROBBINS, IInd

November 21, 1906 - June 2, 1955

"Way Down Upon The Road Argilla"

(To the tune of "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River")

RICHARDSON

Way down upon the road Argilla,
Down to the creek,
My father builds a lovely driveway
Just for the real elite.
All the world goes by the Warners
When they go to swim;
Look out before you turn the corner
Not to run into them.

ROBBINS

Way down upon the Ipswich River,
Not far away,
That's where my father runs a flivver
To Boston every day.
All his world is pills and patients
Everywhere he goes.
Oh! doctor make me a prescription
To keep my father at home.

SHURTLEFF

When you are tired of your landscape
And want a change,
Go call upon your Uncle Shurtleff;
He will your view arrange.
If it's tame he'll make it wilder,
If it's wilder, tame,
For he can make your back yard so that
It will never look the same.

T. H. Robbins, circa 1916.

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FOREWORD

This is a history, largely photographic, of approximately a quarter-century period, from 1900 to 1929, in the development of an unusual summer community. It is not intended to be a complete history, and since modes of transportation were more completely revolutionized during that period than in any twenty-five years before or since in the history of mankind, I have chosen transportation both as the point of emphasis for and the limiting factor of my effort. At the beginning of the century, land transportation beyond the rail lines, here, as elsewhere in America, was by bicycle or horse-drawn vehicle; twenty-five years later not only had the automobile evolved from a toy into a dependable conveyance, largely supplanting the horses (and unfortunately the bicycles, too) but the airplane also had evolved from the Kitty Hawk experimental type to the Ford tri-motor transport, and the naphtha launch had grown into the express cruiser.

During the period here covered, most children, as well as their elders, watched with great interest the rapid evolution of the motor car, which, as it became more dependable, significantly changed their ways of life. Because I was a child and adolescent during the period in question, I am presenting my most vivid recollections in the present tense, just as they remain etched in my memory. The remainder of the text has been checked as carefully as time permits with the persons concerned or their children, and with other sources of information. Inaccuracies, however, are bound to have occurred. I hope these will be brought to my attention, with the thought that later a more accurate and complete edition may be published.

For purposes of simplification, all identifications of persons in the illustrations are from left to right, unless otherwise stated. Also the following initials will be used to avoid too frequent repetition of my family name.

$A^2S.$ = Arthur Asahel Shurtleff, my father (1870)

M.H.S. = Margaret Homer (Nichols), my mother (1879)

S.N.S. = Sidney Nichols, myself, the eldest child (1906)

S.P.S. = Sarah Parsons (1907), now Mrs. Franz Ingelfinger.

W.A.S. = William Asahel (1909)

J.P.S. = John Perkins (1911)

E.H.S. = Elizabeth Homer (1913), now Mrs. Francis Cabot Lowell

A.W.S. = Alice Warburton (1915)

My brother William, in 1952, privately published a booklet much more comprehensive than this (but without illustrations) entitled "A Casual History of Argilla Road" and to this the reader is referred for additional facts, especially for information after 1929. Thanks are herewith offered to my brother for the help his book has given me.

Thanks are also owed to all the many families who have helped me assemble the illustrations by loaning their treasured photograph albums or prints. The very fact that they were willing to do so attests to the common bond which those who were brought up on Argilla Road in the first quarter of the century still feel in the third quarter. Finally my friend, Mr. W. Homer White, of Essex, is to be thanked for his editorial help.

In the selection of photographs and anecdotes it will be found that the Shurtleffs predominate. (My father changed our name to Shurcliff in 1929, which is one of the reasons for placing the cut-off date at that time.) Although the predomination of Shurtleffs is regrettable, I do not apologize, but in self defense point out first, that we had more photographers in the family than anyone else, second that I was more interested than anyone else in automobiles (except perhaps Mr. Warner) and third, it is my memory we are dealing with anyway! Some families which may appear to be slighted herein had few or no pictures that could be used, and a very few couldn't or didn't have any comments or anecdotes to contribute.

THE ROAD

OSGOOD ALBUM

The "Vendome" (center) and another camp in 1912. Castle Neck River and Inner Beach at left.

The outer end of Argilla Road is geographically an entity, the only land approach to or through which is by the Road itself. Located on a long glacial peninsular of hillocks, drumlins and a few large hills which form a chain between the Castle Neck and Ipswich Rivers and their enveloping salt marshes, the land formation is such that, save for private driveways, there are no side roads for more than three miles; from Northgate Road, at the west end of the summer community, to the easterly termination of the Road at the Parking Lot of the Crane Memorial Reservation. The latter includes most of the exquisite four-mile-long stretch of white, sandy beach and dunes. Hence this community has a distinct physical boundary within which can be found the many forms of enjoyment and recreation which are associated with tidal estuaries, sand dunes, salt marshes, beaches and the ocean.

Physically this community has several limitations, which have all had their effect on its social life. The climate is more humid and hotter in hot weather than on the "North Shore" (Gloucester, Manchester, Beverly Farms and Pride's Crossing) and this drawback is accentuated by the presence of far more mosquitoes and green-headed flies than are found on the "Shore". Still worse, for the yachtsman there is no water in the estuaries deep enough to moor keel boats, and at low tide not enough depth in many places for even a centerboard boat. Also there are no good harbors or anchorages anywhere for larger boats. Hence, with the exception of Castle Hill, no "show" places have been built and no thin-skinned individuals have been attracted sufficiently to remain long. "Thank God for the greenheads!" Dr. Robbins used to say....with a wink.

I shall exclude from this history the farmers, shell-fishermen and country squires who earlier populated the region, only because this description is limited to the life of the summer community founded by a group of Boston doctors, and known for some years afterward as the "Pillbox Colony", with which the previous residents were not significantly involved. The summer residents who were and still are attracted here are, by and large, of a common general background and education: mostly doctors or other professionals with a strong desire for a peaceful country life free from prescribed social protocol or pressures. These people have always seemed to have sufficient inner reliance to be able to provide their own entertainment, and also their own form of worship. On the other hand there is nothing very obviously newsworthy about them.

This picture, in the 1903 Brooks Album, is entitled "Drive to Ipswich". Beth Harrington can be seen, face half in shadow, directly in back of the driver. No other identification, nor any explanation of the vehicle is available.

THE EARLY DAYS

Methods of transport have strongly influenced Ipswich ever since the arrival of the white man. The location of the town itself at the highest navigable point for small ocean-going craft on the Ipswich River was a decision originally made, in a day when there were no roads or bridges, entirely on the basis of water transportation.

As the decades passed and the minimum size of sailboats profitable to operate increased Ipswich had to be abandoned as a seaport because of the shoal draft of the River and the tiny size of the harbor. All the shipping in the vicinity of any real importance was lost to Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth. Yet even when I was a child, small schooners customarily loaded their cargoes of sand on the inner beach of the Castle Neck River, and other small schooners tied up to the big pier on the northeast corner of Choate Island (fragments of this pier can be seen today) to unload manure from Boston livery stables and return to the City with decks piled high with hay, the essential fuel for the motive power of metropolitan transportation, the horse.

Hay, in fact, was the chief crop of the Argilla Road area; not only the hay from the highlands but also the salt hay from the great marshes which was worth more than any other kind because, when fed to cattle, no subsidiary salt ration was required. The farmers, whose economy depended on hay, did not need to be told that trees were a great enemy to their crops. Nowhere were trees permitted to grow except where they were needed to shade cattle, roads or homes. This is why all the early photographs show so bare a landscape. It was only when the "boobs" from the city got control of the land that tree plantings of any kind were countenanced.

By the end of the nineteenth century, Ipswich had not only excellent train connections to Boston and all coastal points but there was also in operation a network of interurban trolley lines which vanished two decades later when the automobile became dependable. How many, I wonder, of the younger residents of the Road today realize that trolleys not only connected Ipswich with Newburyport, but also with Gloucester, Beverly and Boston? The line from Ipswich to

Gloucester ran out Essex Road as far as Candlewood, where there was a regular stop opposite the present race track, and then proceeded down Candlewood to Essex Junction (now an ice-cream sales establishment) from whence cars went both to Beverly and to Essex-Gloucester.

When the summer residents first arrived, it was easy to reach Ipswich from Boston by rail and not too difficult to reach Candlewood. But between these two points and the homes on Argilla Road there stretched nothing but a gravelly track, which in wet weather became soft and rutted, and in dry weather was covered with half an inch of dust. This obstacle was met in many different ways. Some families, such as the Townsends, specialized in walking. Others, such as the Goodales, had their own carriages. Many made use of the livery stable operated by white-haired Mr. Grady. But the most popular method of all was by bicycling.

By the turn of the century the bicycle had become not only a practical means of transport but also part of the social life and gaiety of the people. Now, with pneumatic tires replacing hard rubber, a gear ratio replacing the enormous front wheel, and a coaster brake replacing earlier dangerous contrivances, the bicycle had come into its own. My father, for instance, who had been born in 1870 and brought up on a high-wheel bike (which once threw him over the handlebars and nearly killed him), could hardly believe his good fortune in owning a "safety bicycle". He delighted in riding it and in fact continued to pedal the three miles to the Ipswich station in the morning and then back in the evening nearly every day until he was seventy-five years old.

The bicycle, then, more than any other means of transport was the popular one before the automobile came into general use. Most of the doctors on the Road used theirs and Robert Goodale told me just recently that he recalls distinctly how he and young David Richardson, at the end of every afternoon, used to bicycle down to Northgate Road where they waited until the cavalcade of fathers who had come in on the 5:40 hove into sight. They would then join this considerable group and bicycle home with them while listening to the conversations about the events and politics of the day.

This happy method of community transport had largely disappeared by the time my memory comes into focus, but there were still many adult bicyclists amongst the commuters to Boston, and most of the wives and all the farm hands and children had them.

Mrs. Goodale and Robert in the Goodale carriage, 1902.

GOODALE ALBUM

THE ONE FOR THE ROAD

"Hello, Mr. Bolles."

"Hello, Sarah and Sidney."

"Mary Cooke says we may ride with you?"

"Well, good! Hop in. I'll be back in a moment."

Mr. Bolles shoulders a large box full of groceries, and despite his white hair and partially bald head walks springily off toward our kitchen door, where Mary Cooke, our beloved nurse, is waiting to receive him and confirm that mother, once again, has agreed that we may go on the frequently repeated joy-ride.

This time there are no Warners aboard, so we have the right side of the narrow front seat to occupy. Still, there is plenty of room for Mr. Bolles and two children about six and eight. (Should the Warners have already preempted the front seat, that would make all the more fun and we could swing our bare legs from the tail-board.)

The delivery truck is a combination of a 1912 four-cylinder Buick chassis painted black and an open-sided, maroon-colored, wooden delivery body on which is succinctly lettered "N. J. Bolles - Groceries". Back of the doorless front seat are piled all the cases, boxes and bottles which have been ordered by telephone or in person earlier in the day by the housewives, cooks and housekeepers of the entire outer end of the Road.

Now Mr. Bolles returns, springs jauntily past the spare tire and the Presto gas tank on the left running board into the driver's seat. His white shirt, with sleeves held back by rubber garters just above his elbows, glistens, and a yellow pencil shines over the right ear. Leaning way forward he pushes a button marked "Remy" on the front of a varnished mahogany box marked "Delco". At this the motor starts. At once everyone is wreathed in smiles because we all know this car has no self-starter; the experienced Mr. Bolles has stopped the motor on top dead-center again by cutting the switch at exactly the right moment and now the spark generated from the dry cells by pushing "Remy" has caused her to fire without his having to get our and crank.

We are off on our wonderful drive. Up every single driveway on the Road we will go, except in a few cases like the Townsends, where Mr. Bolles can make several deliveries on foot from one stopping spot. We won't have to weed the garden or pick peas, or in fact take any orders at all, until we get home again! Marvelous Mr. Bolles!

The excitement mounts as the trip continues. We see everybody's cook, sometimes a nurse or other maid, and quite a few chauffeurs and handy men, all of whom have something nice to say to Mr. Bolles. Usually it is the back drive and always the back door. At the Osgoods there is no back drive and the turnaround is on a steep hillside. We stop on the high side, at the top of a little knoll. Here Mr. Bolles doesn't bother

with "Remy", because it is so easy to start the Buick by coasting down hill.

During our leisurely meandering we sometimes criss-cross the paths of other tradesmen or their henchmen. There is, of course, Atkinson the fishman in his brass-bound Model T Ford with a large, white, insulated, ice-refrigerated box which constitutes the back of the body. Atkinson is actually the only tradesman who can cause the ladies of the houses to show themselves; they deem it necessary to personally inspect the fish to be served tonight or tomorrow noon.

Others who are making deliveries include the two sweating horses and equally sweating ice chopper-uppers and delivery men of "Lathrop Bros. Ice and Coal" and Raymond Lord the bushy-eyebrowed, jut-chinned butcher who delivers from a motorcycle. "Smitty", the genial, one-eyed mailman also delivers from a motorcycle.

The temperature is perfect, the greenheads don't seem to bite inside the delivery wagon, and even Blauvelt's dogs don't attack us when we essay the Rantoul driveway. The highlight of the trip is, of course, Castle Hill, up by the back drive, naturally, past the garages with the radiators of the Crane-Simplex and the Packard "Carryall" showing and also past the Rose and Italian Gardens to the service entrance. Here Mrs. Strahan may or may not appear, to inspect.

Next we swoop down Castle Hill through the cool fragrant pine groves at nearly twenty miles per hour and are back at the end of our own driveway in ten minutes.

"Thank you Mr. Bolles - - - -."

S.N S. PHOTO

Mr. Bolles' second truck, after smash-up on Warner driveway, about 1921.

H. N. BOLLES

Mr. Bolles, both in his delivery wagon and in his store, was highly regarded by our community for many years. His Buick, however, did not last so long, because one day when one of his assistant drivers left it parked, ready to coast, at the top of the hump in the Osgood's turnaround, he forgot to apply the brake. The car coasted down the hill and crashed into a big oak tree. The damage done was not very great, but it was sufficient to cause Mr. Bolles to lose pride in the car, and not long after the accident it was "traded in" on a Ford chassis equipped with a body very similar to the first one.

We all used to ride in the Ford, also, until we outgrew this diversion, but it was never as much fun as the old Buick. One day in 1921 the Ford was in a head-on collision with another car (I forget what) at a blind curve in the Warner's driveway. I rushed down there with my camera and took the accompanying photo, which is the only one surviving of a Bolles' vehicle.

Dressed in Sunday best, Norman J. Bolles poses with his son in front of their Fruit St. (now Wood's Lane) house in 1921. For the benefit of the photographer Mr. Bolles parked his customary straw boater where he thought it would be hidden but, obviously, he was mistaken.

PATTERSON

Chandler and I are walking on a remote section of the outer beach watching the sea-gulls and listening to the roar of the surf. The nearest habitation is more than two miles away. The date is 1915 - we are both about nine years old and both tingling with the mixed sensations of adventure and trepidation which are so often experienced by explorers of remote places.

Ahead of us we spy on the sand a dozen or more long-legged shore birds which appear to be plover and "yellow-legs". Swirls of sandpipers fly or skitter around these larger birds, but the latter do not stir. As we draw near it becomes clear that they are beautifully-fashioned, cleverly-painted decoys. The sense of adventure is heightened. Who left the decoys here?

Suddenly from beyond some driftwood pops up a solitary figure carrying a big gun - a thin, heavily-tanned, mustached man, wearing absolutely nothing but some once-white under-pants and, suspended from a string around his neck, a flat, shiny, circular, metal whistle slightly larger than a quarter and with a hole through the center.

At first we are alarmed, but when the man puts down his double-barreled 12-gauge and advanced toward us with a smile, we realize that this is our first meeting with the legendary George Patterson. All the children up and down the Road have heard of the hunting exploits of Mr. Patterson and know that he lives at the end of a long track, made mostly of clam shells, running through swamps and over little hillocks to a camp on a remote island in the marshes, but we have never seen him before.

With keen eyes Mr. Patterson searches the blue sky and soon spies some plover passing overhead in fast erratic flight.

"Don't move", he says, "And watch those beetle-head. I'll call them in for you."

The whistle, placed between his rather sensuous lips, emits a plaintive wail, and immediately, to our amazement, the birds turn in their courses, set their wings and start to spiral in to the decoys. At the last moment, however, our undisguised figures alarm them and with piercing crys they swoop wildly away.

It is 1916 and I am again on the beach at a remote spot, this time alone. From around a distant bend comes a horseman riding at full speed and throwing clots of sand high into the air. As he approaches I observe the rider is in full cowboy costume, looking like nothing so much as the famous "Buffalo Bill." The horse, too, has a marvelous Western saddle with designs tooled in the leather and a lariat coiled around the conspicuous horn. The rider pulls out of his sheepskin chaps a large pistol which he fires vertically into the air with a big puff of blue smoke. Then he dismounts at my side.

It is George Patterson again! He is delighted to let me examine his Colt-45, on the cylinder of which is engraved a stagecoach hold-up. The gun is extremely heavy and has a hammer suited for "fanning"... a "single action", which means that one must pull back the hammer with the right thumb before the gun can be fired.

With but faint hope I ask whether I may be allowed to fire the gun. To my delight Mr. Patterson's face is wrinkled with a smile, there is the glitter of several gold teeth, and my request is granted. The gun is so heavy that I have to support my right elbow with my left hand. Patterson pulls back the hammer and stands to one side while I aim at a beached lobster pot.

This is the first time I have ever fired anything more than an air rifle, and I do not anticipate there will be a kick. Suddenly a deafening report assaults my ears and at the same time the pistol and my arm fly up in the air higher than my head. Fortunately my grasp is firm and I am not disgraced by having dropped the precious object in the sand.

For hours afterward that report rings in my ears and for several days thereafter, at least in my imagination, my right hand retains the exciting aroma of burnt powder.

PHOTO COURTESY OF ELEANOR PATTERSON HOPKINS

Scene at Patterson camp, October 1899. Patterson is second from right. Bicycle is "safety" type, apparently has a coaster brake which then was a novelty.

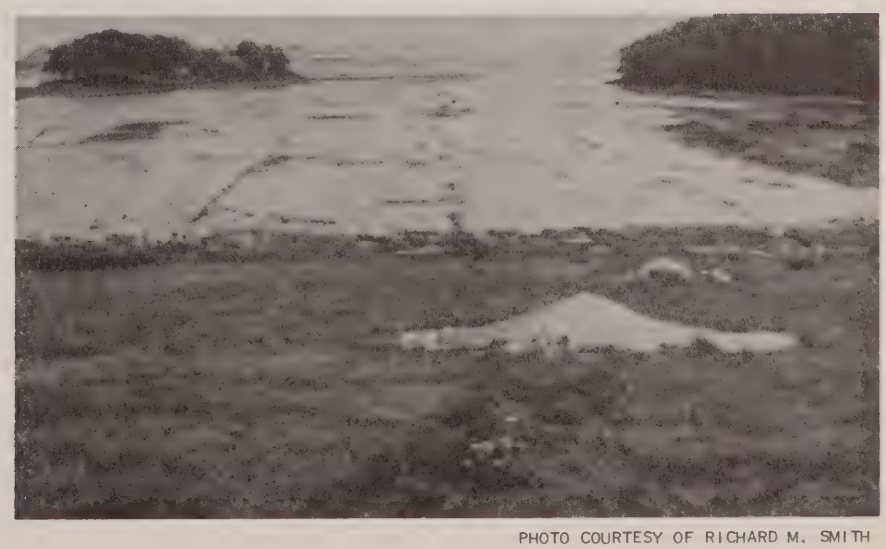
George Patterson was the earliest summer resident to arrive on Argilla Road. In April 1897 he purchased Seeby's Island which soon became known as Patterson's Island. There was already a house there, reportedly built before 1854 by Patch, the owner of Castle Hill, for Seeby, who was a poor tenant farmer with eleven children whom Patch wanted to get off the Hill. On this house Patterson built a porch, and here he and some friends posed for a photograph two years later in October 1899. Patterson, who was 37 at that time, can be identified as the second from the right, but the identification of the others is uncertain. Mrs. Eleanor Patterson Hopkins, his daughter, told me on September 17, 1958 that visitors who frequently came to the camp were Joe Henderson, Frank Ballou, and most frequent of all, Frank W. Benson, the famous painter and etcher, who did many of his best paintings while visiting the camp and who may possibly be the center figure in the picture. Patterson esteemed Benson so highly that he made with his own hands a solid gold bird call as a gift for him.

Patterson's horse was a Kentucky thoroughbred named Tommy. He himself was so captivated by cowboy lore that he hired an actual cowboy, Lee Roberts, to come from Oklahoma to spend the summer of 1908-9 with him in Ipswich. From Roberts he learned to do rope tricks and ride Western style; they also taught Tommy, on command, to lie down and roll over to serve as a shield while Patterson fired his pistol over Tommy's body. Fortunately one of the few remaining Patterson photos shows him in this very position; he is aiming directly at the cameraman the Colt pistol which I so much admired.

After Lee Roberts went back to the West, Patterson used to ride Tommy on summer mornings to Boynton's livery stable in Ipswich, where he would leave him for the day while he commuted by train to Boston to work on his insurance business. At such time he wore a felt hat with a snakeskin band taken from a snake he had killed himself. He owned a McIntyre house in Salem on Washington Square but much preferred to spend every possible moment at his gunning camp. Not so Mrs. Patterson, however, who did not enjoy outdoor life and preferred to remain in Salem when he went to Ipswich.

Patterson and Tommy. "Blanche" is in background.

PHOTO COURTESY OF
ELEANOR PATTERSON HOPKINS



Patterson's Island, left, during a flood tide, about 1925.

PHOTO COURTESY OF RICHARD M. SMITH

In 1912 Patterson bought a Ford roadster, the body of which he soon discovered was too small to ferry back and forth between Salem and the camp all the gear which he wanted to transport. He therefore built a sort of "pick-up truck" arrangement to replace Henry Ford's design for the rear of the car. It projected far out over the rear axle and had a little flight of folding steps at the back. There were racks on the right side where a shovel and an axe were always hung, and here too were numerous hooks for hanging stray objects, such as five-gallon cans of water and kerosene, when there was no room for them inside. On the left side was a rack for carrying a boat, and also a rack over the roof of the driver's compartment for surplus gear. Among other things, the interior was equipped for cooking.

The arrival of Patterson for a week-end in this car was a sight never to be forgotten, because not only did he always have the car loaded as I have described but also, perched precariously on top of the load, would be "Spot", his favorite pointer, and "Lou" his beloved setter! This car served him faithfully for more than ten years - I used to think it would never wear out.

PHOTO COURTESY OF ELEANOR PATTERSON HOPKINS

Mr. Patterson and daughter Eleanor in 1912, when she was 16. Steering wheel of car has been put on upside down.

Kitty Robertson told me on October 25, 1958 a little more about Patterson's dogs:

"Lou" was perhaps the only setter accustomed to point ducks. Patterson had trained her to find them in the ditches where they customarily feed in very cold weather, and with her help greatly increased his bag.

He also had another setter which Kitty describes as "a very dilapidated dog." "Mose" was lemon and white with sad, pink-rimmed eyes, and when Patterson abandoned the Island and his dogs during the week, as he sometimes did, Freddy Crockett was given the great "privilege" of taking care of "Mose." Freddy, who was then about eight and had a very low voice for a boy of his age, took his assignment very seriously, but "Mose" did not like to stay at the Crocketts and

kept running back to the deserted Island. Then Freddy would say, "I think I better find 'Mose.' 'Mose,' where are you? Here, 'Mose!' Here, 'Mose!'"

This chase would go on for hours, and all over the fields Freddy could be heard mournfully chanting "Here, 'Mose!'" until that phrase became a standard joke in the Crockett family, the mere repetition of which would bring uproarious laughter.

George Patterson was a great inventor. The shore-bird whistle which I have described was one of his inventions; another was his motorized "sneak box" or gunning float. His island lay on a little creek which, although dry at low tide, had enough water for navigation most of the time, and here he kept a long succession of second-hand motor boats each of which had balky engines of the two-cycle "make-and-break" type. These boats were not suitable for gunning, because the engine noises scared away the birds.

Sneak boxes are usually propelled by sculling through a hole in the stern with a special crooked oar; it is arduous work. Patterson got tired of sculling, so he bought a "Smith Motor Wheel" - a rubber-tired wheel about 16 inches in diameter, with a small air-cooled motor built into it, intended to be fastened onto the rear of a bicycle to convert it into a motorcycle. He took the motor out of the wheel, installed it in the sneak box, and connected it to a propeller. This happened to be during World War I, when the successful use of periscopes in the trenches in France was being much publicized, so Patterson built his own periscope out of gutter drain-pipe and mirrors. As a result we had the strange sight of the sneak box progressing slowly against the tide without any visible source of power while at the same time the periscope turned frantically right and left as Patterson, lying prostrate under the straw covering, tried both to navigate and to keep an eye on approaching ducks at the same time.

Patterson told me the only flaw in the sneak box invention was that the motor had so little power it could not be started with the propeller in the water; he had to haul her partly out of the water, start the motor and let it "rev" up to full speed - then shove off quickly and get under way before the motor lost momentum!

The Patterson camp resembled nothing so much as one of the inventions of Rube Goldberg. As I have already written, the original building was there when he purchased the island: alongside it was a two-story shed partly overhanging the water which the Patterson family always called "Blanche;" the new owner proceeded to make many changes in both of them.

Since there was no fresh water supply on the island, the first series of changes were made to collect rain water. Collecting barrels and tanks were placed at various strategic spots with a variety of pipes running to them from the various roofs, including one pipe which ran all the way from the roof of "Blanche" to the main camp (see photo).

The second series of changes related to leaks in the roof, of which there were many. Under each leak Patterson would suspend, just under the ceiling, a baking pan or cookie tin. In the bottom of each tin he punched a hole and soldered a metal tube to the hole so that the water would run down the tube. He would then lead the tube to some convenient place in the floor, where he would bore a hole and stick the end of the tube through the hole. I remember that on the sleeping porch alone there was one pan over one bed and two over the other with the tubes brought together in an artistic manner and carried down to the floor squarely in the center of the porch!

The third series of changes were in a small two-story shed which Patterson decided to convert into a machine shop, as a source of power for which he installed a huge one-cylinder motor that had outlived its usefulness in one of his motor boats. Because the motor required water to be pumped through it to cool it, he put a suction pipe into the creek, which cooled the motor very well when the tide was in; and this was the only period when it could be run. The exhaust was carried to a stove pipe which, as our picture shows, ran up outside the building to a terminus above the tree tops. The space available on the ground floor was so small that the motor with its belts, pulleys and drive shafts occupied it all; hence the power tools were placed on the second floor, which was reached solely by a ladder.

BROOKS ALBUM

Patterson's Island as seen over the radiator of the Brooks family's Franklin in 1929. The two story shed housing the machine tools is barely discernable.

One day when my father and I bicycled in for a call, Patterson was hard at work operating his power saw in the attic. The huge engine was chugging slowly and the heavy fly-wheel was revolving at the same speed. Every time the fly-wheel went around the motor coughed and the whole building, which was supported only on rickety wooden posts, shook as if it would fall apart. The shaking was so bad my father didn't dare go inside, but Patterson, up high where the vibration was the worst, operated the saw as skillfully as if it were steady as a billiard table.

Despite its generally ramshackle exterior the Patterson camp had a very clean and civilized living room. Here was a fireplace with polished brass andirons, a piano, a fine sporting library, a case full of carefully oiled and polished rifles, shotguns and pistols and at least six of Benson's best paintings and etchings. Mrs. Hopkins still has these paintings today at her house in Swampscott and also the antique spool-leg dining table.

Kitty Robertson recalls that there was a low doorway between the living and dining rooms over which were hung the horns of a longhorn steer, with the gap between them where the head once had been covered with red velvet. Under the horns the top of the doorway was padded with quilting.

"What's all that padding for?" she asked Patterson.

"The top of the doorway is so low people keep bumping into it" replied Patterson. "So I have padded it to keep them from hurting themselves".

Mr. Patterson died in 1946 at eighty-three. The guns, piano and library vanished long ago, and the camp was purposely burned down by a new owner about 1947 to save taxes. "Blanche," however, and the battered hull of one motorboat still remain today, although they are soon to be destroyed under the orders of the Trustees of Public Reservations, who have just acquired the island for a boat landing.

One more memory of Patterson which I treasure relates to his gunning activities. He was very generous in teaching others bird lore and how to shoot. In fact he taught Dr. Crockett and my father as well as Fred Crockett, myself and others of my generation. One day in mid-August when the shore-bird gunning season opened, the guns of hunters boomed all over the marshes from early dawn until nearly noon. When the miniature battle subsided I rode my bicycle down to Patterson's to see what luck he had had. There he was with three happy friends and a bag of 102 yellow-legs, beetlehead, curlew and others of the larger shore birds. It was the largest pile of game I had ever seen or have seen since!

CROCKETT

August 2, 1925

"My dear Crockett,

Last spring when I sold you "Myth" I had thought it was clearly understood between us that her fastenings were insecure, some of her timbers were rotting and that she definitely was not safe to be used for offshore cruising.

You will recall that the price you paid for "Myth" was merely the value of the lead in her keel; your intention, you said, was to salvage the lead for other use.

Now I am much distressed to hear that your children and son-in-law are planning an extended cruise aboard her. This seems to me most unwise and I implore you to take all necessary steps to stop it.

You and I have learned the dangers of a lee shore. Brackett does not know what a lee shore means! Can you not imagine those little bodies washed up on the beach?

My God, My God! Crockett, stop them!

Yours sincerely,

Roger S. Warner"

The above letter is a reconstruction told me by Kitty (Crockett) Robertson on several different occasions and meticulously checked with her on October 24, 1958. Mr. Warner was absolutely right in his opinion of "Myth's" condition, as will later appear in this account, but at that time the protest fell on deaf ears. Despite Mr. Warner's objections, the two elder Crockett children, Kitty and Freddy, together with Kitty's husband, Tony Brackett, did go on an extended cruise down the Maine coast in the old "Myth" only shortly after the protest was received.

This little yawl was only 33' long and had very little head-room. Not only was she in bad condition when Mr. Warner wrote his letter, but also the Crocketts were lacking any nautical charts for their projected cruise. In view of Mr. Warner's letter they did not dare, as they had planned, ask to borrow the charts of the Maine Coast which they knew he possessed. Accordingly, Freddy was sent to call on Roger, Jr., and when Roger was out of the room Fred quickly helped himself from a closet to a rolled chart on which had been inscribed in Mr. Warner's handwriting "Coast of Maine". This he managed to get out of the house without being observed. Soon the chart was aboard the "Myth" and the "Myth" was headed east'ard.

All went well for the first eight or nine days of the cruise, but at the beginning of the return voyage they found themselves fogbound a considerable distance off shore. The Warner chart, upon being opened in this emergency, was found to have some remarkably peculiar spelling. Also, the coast of Maine appeared to be singularly distorted. Finally, when they examined the date of the chart it was found to 1767. Freddy, in his haste, had taken a chart from Mr. Warner's antique collection rather than from his nautical collection!

Despite the age of the chart, it was necessary to navigate by it and, with the combination of a small surveyor's compass, a sharp lookout

and good luck, the expedition managed to return to Ipswich without leaving any "little bodies on the beach". The chart was then sneaked back into the Warner closet. This may be the first time that the Warners have learned how that particular chart got some bacon grease and coffee stains on it.

Dr. Eugene A. Crockett had been coming to Ipswich since before 1890, usually staying at Smith's Boarding House where Drs. Richardson, Vickery, Goodale and Harrington were also frequent visitors. In 1898, pressed for a summer home not only for himself but also for his mother and grandmother, Dr. Crockett purchased the Boarding House itself, together with all the land in the vicinity, a large barn, some subsidiary buildings, and a camp. The purchase price was $4,000. according to David C. Crockett who now owns the house, and of this the Doctor immediately recouped $500. by selling the camp to Mr. Sprague. The barn was soon moved back from the road in order to get the barn noises and smells away from the house, and the barn site was converted into a tennis court. A chauffeur's house was built behind the barn, and a small garage between it and the tennis court.

Dr. Crockett was an enthusiastic farmer, although he farmed only on a small scale. He also planted an extensive apple orchard, the operation of which was sometimes a trial for the

CROCKETT ALBUM

Dr. Crockett and Kitty at the Sprague house, circa 1906.

SPRAGUE ALBUM

1909 bathers; Ellen Sprague and Kitty Crockett.

RICHARDSON ALBUM

Smith's Boarding House in 1897 before barn was moved. Mrs. Richardson holds son David while Gertrude Townsend feeds poultry.

Doctor himself at first and later for most of his family. It still exists today but is no longer operated commercially.

Shortly after his purchase of the Boarding House, Dr. Crockett married Miss Elizabeth LeBourgois of New Orleans; soon Adele (Kitty), the first child arrived, then Frederick and David last. Dr. Crockett was always referred to as "Binney" by Mrs. Crockett and the children; she was, and is today, called "Mazie" (pronounced "Marsie").

The Crocketts were married in London where, because of lack of time, a special dispensation from the Archbishop of Canterbury was required to get a marriage license on short notice. The help of Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate, American Ambassador to Britain at that time, was solicited, with whose aid the necessary waiver was obtained. The famous Bostonian, Dr. Harvey Cushing, was best man at the wedding.

At home in Ipswich after their honeymoon the Crocketts learned that Mr. Choate was staying in Boston, and as gesture of thanks for his efforts in London offered to take him out to the ancestral Choate house on Choate (or Hog) Island, which lies in the tidal estuaries about a mile from their house. Mr. Choate accepted, but when he arrived the Crocketts were dismayed because he was wearing his full ambassadorial costume, including Prince Albert tails and a short stove-pipe hat. The only transportation to the Island was a rowboat!

The trip to the Island was made anyway, and Mr. Choate showed so much interest in the early eighteenth century, paneled house and stayed so long that the tide dropped too far to float the rowboat with three people in it. Mrs. Crockett still recalls with a smile how Mr. Choate sat stiffly and regally in the rowboat while she and Dr. Crockett jumped over the side and pulled the boat with its distinguished freight over hundreds of yards of slimey mud to deep water.

Dr. Crockett was one of the first summer residents on the Road to buy an automobile. This was a 1903 Stanley Steamer, in which, when it was new, he and his bride were photographed in front of the house. This is the only photograph of a Crockett automobile known to be in existence today.

David Crockett told me on November 1, 1958 that his parents had been very proud of their new Stanley and rejoiced in showing it off to friends. One such friend was a Dr. Morse who was taken by "Binney" almost to Kittery, Maine (over thirty miles) as the first half of a round-trip excursion. Near Kittery the steam pressure dropped alarmingly because of a leaky connection, so Dr. Crockett requested his guest to pump on an auxiliary hand pump. Dr. Morse complied with enthusiasm, the steam pressure responded, and Dr. Crockett kept his hard-pressed guest pumping steadily for over two hours until they got back to Ipswich!

During my early childhood Dr. Crockett always drove (or was driven by the chauffeur) in a

Dr. and Mrs. Crockett display in front of their house the new 1903 Stanley Steamer. Mrs. Crockett on left, is not driving; chauffeur sits at right hand drive wheel beyond her.

CROCKETT ALBUM

black 7-passenger Packard touring car which frequently traveled very fast, especially between his house and the Ipswich Railroad Station. The reason for the extra speed was that he often failed to start until amost train time; I remember he told me once that he had taken Miss Cutter the four miles to the station in five minutes.

"I was going so fast" he said, "that when I put my hand out to signal for a turn, the wind almost wrenched my arm off!"

Miss Edna Cutter was responsible for the one really properous epoch in the Crockett farming era. The occasion for her entrance on the scene was the advent of the "farmerettes" in England during the shortage of manpower of World War I. Although in 1915 the United States was not yet at war, Dr. Crockett decided that a farmerette was just what he needed, and after suitable inquiry Miss Cutter was engaged. She was both an extrovert and an executive - strong physically, mentally and morally. Deeply tanned, dressed always in blue denim blouse and skirt (slacks or blue jeans were then regarded not merely as immoral but also as utterly impossible), and with a commanding voice and manner Miss Cutter rapidly and completely revolutionized the Crockett farming operation. According to Kitty, she always worked from daylight to dusk or later.

S.N.S. PHOTO

1916 Packard very similar to Dr. Crockett's. This one was photographed on the Carriage Road, Mt. Washington, in 1922.

CROCKETT ALBUM

Edna Cutter and "Sugar" on the Crockett lawn, circa 1917.

CROCKETT ALBUM

David and Frederick Crockett about 1918. This was a favorite photograph of Mrs. Harrington who had it framed and kept it on her desk.

Despite the fact that Dr. Crockett had become a major in the Army and was most of the time in Mexico chasing Pancho Villa, Miss Cutter firmly put the farm on a paying basis. Cost control and crop rotation were initiated, tardiness among the help was no longer tolerated, the apple trees were sprayed at the right time and the fruit picked and sold in conformance with the latest scientific methods. Also the livestock became thriftier, the cows gave more milk, and ducks and turkeys were raised for the first time on a profitable basis.

During the hey-day of this prosperity I well remember making one of my fairly frequent visits to the Crocketts, this time motivated chiefly by the desire to see what a strange creature called a "farmerette" would actually act and look like (as if Miss Cutter were an animal in a zoo). On this occasion there was no one home except the muscular lady herself, who was at the moment very proud of some cream she had just put through the separator.

HARRINGTON ALBUM

The "Three-headed Woman" at the Harrington Circus; Mrs. Higinbotham, Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Crockett.

"You want to see some real heavy cream?" she asked.

When I nodded, she took out of the ice box a standard, light-brown, two quart mixing bowl more than half full of cream. This she rapidly turned on its side and back again without the cream budging from its position in relation to the edges of the bowl. Yes indeed - that was real heavy cream!

The Crockett farm prospered under Miss Cutter until 1919 when her father, who had been a market gardener in Dracut, near Lowell, died, and it became necessary for her to go home to help take care of her mother and run the market garden. (She is still there today running a kennel from which only recently we bought a Springer spaniel.)

As the years went by the expenses of educating the children and of operating the Crockett farm and apple orchard (at a loss) resulted first in the departure of the chauffeur and next in the replacement of the Packard with less expensive cars. For a long time, Dr. Crockett drove a small maroon Buick sedan; when Fred was old enough to demand a car of his own, a used 1920 Dodge touring car, grey with red wooden wheels, was also acquired. In the latter, with Fred, I frequently used to go on expeditions to such exciting places as Hampton Beach, N. H., or even Revere Beach. On these occasions Fred rivaled his father as to speed and when that Dodge approached its maximum of sixty miles an hour on the roads of those days it threatened to come apart at any moment; frequently it did break a spring or blow out a tire on a pothole. It was the hardest-riding car I have ever driven in.

Dr. Crockett was always interested in boats of all kinds and, except for the Cranes, and for a time Dr. Vickery, was the only resident of the "Pillbox Colony" to own a motor boat. This he had made to order at James' Shipyard in Essex. It was a double-ender, heavily built, copper-fastened throughout, about 20' long, and equipped with a large 1-cylinder make-and-break engine. Batteries to fire the engine were cylindrical electric dry-cells, four of which were carried in a wooden box in one of the lockers; these proved to be an undependable way of keeping the motor going. The engine also suffered from other

CROCKETT ALBUM

Dr. Crockett's motorboat at Grape Island on a flounder fishing expedition.

troubles, so that the good Doctor was frequently occupied for hours at a time trying to start it.

There were no reverse gears in this boat; the only method of reversing was to stop the engine and then start it going backward, in which direction it ran just as well as forward. This cumbersome method of backing, however, was frequently responsible for the boat drifting into the eelgrass and getting the propeller fouled, so that somebody had to jump overboard and pull the grass out of the propeller.

Despite the eccentricities of his motor, Dr. Crockett held on to his enthusiasm for this boat and made many trips in her across Ipswich Bay to Plum Island, where he loved to picnic or to fish for flounders. He was also a great deep sea fisherman. My parents always used to tell me that during one Plum Island picnic to which several couples had paddled across in canoes, the wind came up, and with it the waves, to such an extent that they would have had to spend the night on the Island had not Dr. Crockett towed them all back, in Indian File, though not without considerable danger of upsetting.

For years, Dan McLeod, the Osgood's combination chauffeur and farmer, had nursed a secret desire to own the Crockett motorboat, which was customarily moored during the summer about 150 yards from the McLeod cottage. After a long period of silence, Dan asked Dr. Crockett to sell her. The Doctor refused. For several years Dan frequently and plaintively repeated his desire to own her. Finally, Dr. Crockett, having become involved in "Myth I," decided to settle the whole affair by giving the boat to Dan.

The gift turned out to be a mistake, for Dan, now having gratified his great ambition to own a motorboat, and also having her fixed up and beautifully painted, did not dare to take her helm; he had little nautical experience and not the faintest idea how to operate the motor or to handle the boat in a sea. The boat remained beached at the edge of the marsh in front of Dan's house most of that summer. When cold weather came, Dan towed her into the Fox Creek Canal, where she filled with ice, overturned, and sank. Dan's brother Alex, who worked for Dr. Goodale, was summoned by Dan. With block and tackle he pulled the wreck on shore. Then with a wagon Alex moved the hulk to a position back of the Goodale barn. Here she slowly fell apart, with raspberry bushes growing up every summer through her gaping seams until there was no boat left.

Mr. Warner had been righter than rain about "Myth I." A year after the downeast cruise, the Crockett-Brackett team made a shorter cruise, this time to Portsmouth, N. H. As they started home, in a stiff breeze, the seams opened and water poured in. The crew pumped and bailed valiantly for several hours until they got her back to the mooring opposite the Sprague house. Now exhausted, they could bail no more, and within a few moments after the mooring was secured "Myth" went to the bottom. The next day at high tide Kitty and a crew of volunteers raised and beached her. Bill Ross, a supposed marine expert from Essex was sent for, and Kitty, in tears, explained what had happened.

"That's nothing to worry about" said Ross - "Pitch is all we need to make her as good as new."

Ross lit a fire on the gravelly beach, heated several large cauldrons of pitch and then poured the hot liquid into the bilge until she was full to the floor boards. When the pitch hardened Ross pronounced "Myth" as seaworthy as a new vessel. There was no time to try her out, however, because fall had arrived, and she was hauled out for the winter.

The next spring "Myth" did not leak a drop when launched and Ross appeared to be a saviour. However, the instant the sails were hoisted with resultant lateral strain on the seams, the pitch cracked in a hundred places, and "Myth" sank again, this time for the last time. A few days later the hulk drifted up on the shore opposite the George G. Smith (now Pereira) house during a very high tide. And there it still lies today, more than thirty years later, with the lead long since removed from the keel.

The demise of the "Myth" did not in any way diminish the Crockett-Brackett desire to own a cruising boat. It was almost immediately decided to build a new "Myth," and the famous Marblehead naval architect Bowdie (Bowdoin) Crowinshield was commissioned to draw up plans for a 38' yawl to sleep six. For reasons still totally inexplicable the same Bill Ross, who until only recently had been a shoemaker, was employed to build her. For the owners, this was a three-way venture financed by Dr. Crockett, Kitty and her husband, Tony. Kitty and Tony were then living in the old chauffeur's house and Kitty earned her share of the cost by modeling clothes at Boston stores.

Ross built "Myth II" in a shed more than a mile from the water, and here, weekend after weekend through the winter, the Bracketts repaired (sometimes with me for company) to pay bills and to learn about the latest disasters. The truth is that nothing ever went smoothly with the construction of "Myth II," but to relate all these troubles here would be too voluminous. Suffice it to say that when she was finally finished, many

Fred Crockett and the author on return from duck hunt, Sept. 1922. One of Patterson's bird calls is suspended on string around my neck. Bag includes four black mallards, two teel and Fred holds the only true mallard I have ever seen shot in Ipswich. The car is my Ford racer, described later.

S.N.S. PHOTO

months late, the Crowinshield plans had been outrageously violated. Unfortunately, Mr. Ross had made a mistake in interpreting the drawings, so that the deck instead of having the customary upward thrust or "sheer" at bow and stern had instead a reverse sheer which was more noticeable than beautiful.

Since it was believed by Dr. Crockett and the Brackets that I, who was then a Harvard senior, had become an expert on motors, they appointed me to procure an engine for auxiliary power. There not being enough money available for a regular marine engine, I hit upon the idea of purchasing a second-hand model T Ford engine and converting it to marine use. This I had already done successfully previously in my own boat, using the engine from the 1914 delivery truck of Atkinson, the fish man, at a total cost of about $125.00; $25.00 for the truck and $100.00 for the conversion outfit. As agent for the Crocketts I purchased a second-hand Model-T engine for $15.00 and a second-hand, racing, overhead-valve cylinder head outfit for $50.00. The assembly and delivery of these two was another $10.00 and the additional cost of the marine conversion was borne by the Crocketts directly. To sum it up, I had secured for "Myth II" a high-speed racing engine made out of second-hand parts throughout.

The launching of "Myth II" was no happier than her building. Her transportation for over a mile on narrow Essex roads was fraught with mishaps; and on the eve of the launching she got stuck on the ways. Dr. Crockett had provided champagne and whiskey, purchased from a well-known Essex bootlegger, and with this inducement to augment the size of the launching party and to whip up its enthusiasm the crowd remained until after midnight, by which time they had gathered enough strength to shove her bodily into the water. The launching had been set for a Thursday but now she had been actually launched on a Friday. According to all nautical superstition, she was bound to be an unlucky ship!

The launching party, including Dr. Crockett and Tony Brackett, departed in the early morning hours leaving Kitty to watch the boat. Observing that water was pouring in through many seams she sought the advice of builder Ross.

"She's just leaking enough to keep her sweet" he said "Not a mite more." And he too departed.

S.N.S. PHOTO

"Myth II" in Castle Neck River about 1927. Fred Crockett at helm, with "Toots" and "Becca" Tatham.

The leaking was really very serious; Kitty had to spend all the rest of the night pumping and it was several days before the bottom swelled enough to render "Myth" at all safe. Kitty still recalls how on succeeding nights she slept aboard with an alarm clock set to go off every two hours, at which times she would bail some more.

When "Myth II" was finally ready for her maiden voyage, great consternation was caused by Dr. Crockett's stern pronouncement that he would not permit any gasoline on board. He had read of a cabin cruiser in which gasoline fumes had exploded and no amount of argument would

budge him. Alcohol, "Binney" insisted, was just as good as gasoline and there would be no danger of explosion.

The maiden voyage was just about to start when the alcohol argument was finally lost by the gasoline adherents. At this moment we thought of Mr. VanWyck, a new resident of Ipswich, who was living in the Barney house and was rumored to be an expert designer of international combustion engines. In a body we called on him and interviewed him for about an hour on the best way to use alcohol in the motor. We had even brought the carburetor with us so that he could instruct us in how to adjust it for alcohol. It was not until some years later that we learned that Mr. VanWyck was not an engineer and that the whole conversation was quite bewildering to him. However, not wishing to make a bad impression on his new neighbors, he slowly and gravely advised where he thought the needle valve should be set and we went back to the "Myth" with two five-gallon cans of alcohol and an optimistic spirit.

It was intended that this maiden voyage should be, at high tide, simply from Essex across the marshes to a mooring on Castle Neck River, a distance of about four miles. Accordingly, we did not bring any food or blankets. The crew consisted of Kitty, Tony, Fred and myself. We started out under sail, but soon it was discovered that because of another Bill Ross mistake the center-board could not be lowered; hence we attempted to start the engine. The motor emitted a few coughs and kickbacks--and a very strong odor of alcohol also,--but never started. In the meantime we were all so busy with the motor that we neglected our navigation and ran aground on a sandbar. The tide was now going out and it became obvious we would have to spend the night on board while awaiting the incoming tide. This was a night never to be forgotten: first, there was no food, second, it became very cold and there were no blankets, and third, it began to rain, at which point it was discovered the deck planks had shrunk and water poured in on us. We shivered and starved all night.

Later the motor was actually made to run successfully on alcohol. But the choice of a racing motor for a slow moving cruising boat had been a mistake on my part, and for some months later there was a definite coolness exhibited by the Crocketts and Bracketts toward the motor procurement agent. Nevertheless "Myth II" did function quite satisfactorily for several years, except that she never quite stopped leaking.

The following is a remembrance of "Myth II" as recorded by Robert Vickery, Nov. 5, 1958:

"Skipper Crockett, Freddie, David, Kitty, my Father and myself were sailing home up the Castle Neck River about 1928. Increasing hazards of failing wind, outgoing tide, and rising mud-flats created a series of crises. For each crisis, with vim and vigor each Crockett gave conflicting instructions. We finally arrived safely at Crockett Cove. When Father and I returned to our house he said, 'Never before have I been on a boat navigated by a Debating Society!"

At the end of her first summer Dr. Crockett decided "Myth II" should be hauled out on his own shore-line, near the Sprague house. Accordingly he purchased part of an old contractor's railway and from the parts had a carpenter build a small marine railway, complete with a launching car. Here "Myth" passed the winter safely.

Next spring a small launching party was organized that, all together, gave the hull a great heave. Instead of pushing the launching car into the water, however, this heave pushed "Myth" off the launching car and she fell on her side onto the marsh! At about the same time "Dolf", Kitty's police dog, got into a fight with "Cappy" the Sprague's pet Boston Terrier and, sad but true, gouged one of "Cappy's" eyes. Faced with a double disaster, Kitty acted in favor of "Cappy", whom she rushed to the "vet" to have the injured eye removed. Then she had to bring "Cappy" back to Mrs. Sprague, from whom she received an old fashioned tongue-lashing.

After Dr. Crockett's death in June 1932 it became necessary to sell the "Myth". The purchaser was Prescott Huntington of Long Island. Shortly afterward "Myth II" was in the headlines all over the United States because presidential nominee, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt had chartered her for a cruise down the coast of Maine. Reporters followed his cruise in destroyers and sent back many photographs. In these we could not only recognize FDR with his long cigarette holder but also the reverse sheer on the deck which Ross had so unwittingly constructed a few years before.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

"Myth II" with Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt at the wheel.

BOSTON HERALD

The three Roosevelt sons, Franklin, John and James with F.D.R. aboard "Myth II".

BOSTON HERALD

The Presidential nominee consumes corn flakes in Marblehead Harbor.

After Roosevelt had returned "Myth" to Mr. Huntington, Kitty asked what F.D.R. had said about her. She was secretly hoping for a compliment for the boat.

"He said," answered her informant," she leaks, and leaks, and leaks, and there's nothing anyone can do about it!"

Still another sequel to the departure of 'Myth II' deserves telling. During World War II when David C. Crockett was an Army Major in the Office of Strategic Services, stationed in Italy, he met there an attractive American girl, Marion Yates, who was also working with the O.S.S. After an acquaintance lasting more than a year they became engaged to be married. Several months later the war ended, with the result that both of them were to be sent home.

"What will your address be?" asked David, "so that I may write you when you get home."

"Jamestown, Long Island," replied Marion.

"I have some kind of an association with that name" exclaimed David. "Yes, that's where Mr. Prescott Huntington lived who bought our old boat 'Myth II' in 1932."

"That's really amazing" replied Marion. "The Huntington's are neighbors and friends of ours and I was practically brought up cruising on the 'Myth'. I never dreamed it had anything to do with the Crockett's."

This photograph of very high surf on Ipswich Beach was taken by Leslie Grinnell in 1927.

LORD-RICHARDSON

"Oh Lord, we pray to THEE for those in PER--IL on the SEA!"

It is Sunday morning hymn-singing, and for this particular Lord's Day in 1919 it is quite appropriately at Mrs. Lord's. The room has been hastily rearranged, the piano moved over near the west window and all the chairs and settees in the house (except the kitchen furniture) moved into the combination front-hall and living room. Miss Hattie Lord sits at the piano, Mrs. Langdon Warner is in charge of the selection of hymns, and Mr. Roger Warner has ar-

Kenyon's view of Water Street.

A photograph of the painter H.R. Kenyon.

European influence visible in landscape artist's work

Susan Howard Boice

This week I am featuring Henry R. Kenyon. This lovely painting, which will be exhibited in Gloucester next month, shows you what Water Street really looked like back in the early years.

If you look closely, you will see the Green Street Bridge, in its original formation. This picture certainly takes one's breath away.

Henry Kenyon was born in Centerville, Rhode Island, on March 29, 1861. His family was of the Quaker faith and he attended The Friends School in Providence, R.I.

Upon graduation, his interest in art led him to further his art training at the Rhode Island School of Design, also in Providence.

After three years of successful study there, he decided to sail to Europe where he could continue his art training in Paris. Upon arrival there, he enrolled at the Academie Julian, where shortly thereafter he met Ipswich native and fellow artist Arthur Wesley Dow. Their friendship developed and was to continue throughout their lives.

He also met Francis Richardson at the Academie Julian. These three artists would form part of the artists colony at the turn of the century in Ipswich.

Henry and Arthur Dow shared studios together in Pont-Aven, Concarneau, Paris, and France, and ultimately in Ipswich.

In 1887, Kenyon was involved in a shipwreck in the English Channel; his paintings were all lost, but fortunately he was saved. Upon arrival in the United States, he was surprised at the news of his own "tragic death" at sea.

Kenyon studied art formally until about 1889, when he decided that he would no longer enroll at the Academie, but continue his art education on his own. At about this same time, he first came to Ipswich with Dow.

Kenyon married Caroline Savary in 1899. In 1901, they moved to Ipswich and built their house along the river, not far from Arthur Dow's Ipswich Summer School of Art. Mrs. Kenyon was also an artist and did pastel portraits.

Kenyon preferred to paint landscapes; he was a familiar sight around Ipswich, especially along the river, where he would set up his portable easel. He chose not to paint very large canvases, so he was able to complete his works at the site out of doors.

His favorite subjects were the Ipswich River, the marshes, and open fields. A large, open sky is featured in most of his paintings.

Kenyon was an eclectic painter, who drew heavily on his European experience yet clearly maintained an American impressionistic style of his own.

On a trip to New Orleans in 1926, Kenyon caught a cold and died of pneumonia on Jan. 16, 1926.

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Fireside Chat series continues with talk from Franco-Americans

By Mary Conley
Town Historian

In the Fireside Chat to be held on April 28 at Ipswich High School, Armand Brouillette will be the host of several Franco-American friends who will describe their French ethnic heritage.

The industrialization of New England was the magnet that drew thousands of French Canadians from the mid-19th century on throughout the first decades of the 20th century. In general, they were leaving behind a harsh agrarian lifestyle in which they felt that they were not being treated as equals with their Canadian contemporaries. Their farms could not even provide subsistence for their large families.

As they looked across the U.S.-Canadian border, they saw great textile mills being built in the cities and towns of New England, and they were attracted by the job opportunities that paid "cash wages." Individuals came, families, extended families, even communities came and settled together to establish "les petits Canadas."

The first French Canadian immigrants came to Ipswich in mid-century to work in the woolen and textile mills, like the Ipswich Manufacturing Co. on the banks of the Ipswich River or the Peatfield Knitting Factory in Depot Square.

Their religion was always of first importance, but since there was no Catholic church here at the time, they would have been served with their Irish brethren

swich Mills continued to attract more immigrant workers. They came at a time when the Yankees were leaving the mills, and when the Irish were looking elsewhere for more lucrative opportunities. Some French Canadians who had first come to work in the huge mills of Lawrence, Lowell and Salem and in the cities of Maine and New Hampshire sought refuge in smaller towns away from the crowded conditions of the slum tenements in those cities.

In 1875, St. Joseph's Church was built and dedicated as a mission of the Star of the Sea parish in Beverly for all Catholics in Ipswich. In the late 1880's, Father William Ryan of the Beverly parish concluded that the Ipswich parish needed the ministrations of a full-time pastor since, as he said, there were six to seven hundred Catholics "being equally divided between English- and French-speaking people."

The first resident pastor, Father Patrick Boyle, had been trained at the Grand Seminary in Montreal, and thus had the ability to communicate with his French-speaking parishioners. This was the period of the greatest migration of the French Canadians to New England. The building of the railroads greatly facilitated their journeys. Mill owners welcomed them as they believed that the French were particularly suited to mill work, and they actively recruited them.

The second pastor of St. Joseph's was Father John

names that are still familiar in present-day Ipswich: Burridge, Chouinard, Boucher, Dupray, Leno, Jean, Tougas, Comeau.

Then early in the twentie century, the Ipswich Mill owners sought the labor of other immigrant groups in order to reduce the cost of production, and the first Polish and Greek workers came to Ipswich. Their numbers grew quickly as the mills were expanding their production facilities for the knitting of hosiery.

In a few short years, the Greek people had built their church, St. Mary of the Assumption in 1907, and the Polish workers had completed their church, Sacred Heart, in 1908.

All this activity seemed to have strengthened the persistence of the Franco-American people in their desire to build their own church and to have services in their own language. In 1909, Cardinal O'Connell finally gave permission and sent Father Stanislaus Vermette to organize the parish and to begin the fundraising for a church.

In 1912, the church was completed, the parish of St. Stanislaus was dedicated, and the modern history of the Franco-American community in Ipswich began. The charming booklet prepared for the church's 75th anniversary in 1985 celebrates the achievements of the community almost to the present day.

The wonderful photo accompanying this article illustrates many aspects of this history. It is essentially the story

ranged the order in which the Psalms will be read between the rendition of the hymns, with him leading off.

This is an epoch-making Sunday morning because not only are all the usual large group present but Geoffrey Goodale also, who, an almost complete backslider, comes only about once in every three years. Everyone is dressed in his or her very best and for once the Myopia and Essex County Club set cannot fairly complain that "Argilla Road is a strange community where everybody has brains, but no money, and wears khaki pants or sailorsuits and sneakers".

As the Psalms and hymns continue, my attention wanders, as it always does, because I am not musical. "Don't whistle!" my mother has told me a hundred times "You will ruin the musical ears of all the other children." "Remember you aren't musical! Just keep quiet!" I look at all the pretty girls like Sally Robbins and Patty Richardson; then my eye wanders around to a huge photograph ot two great sailing yachts, racing bow to bow, directly over the piano and partly obscured by Miss Hattie Lord's head. It is the biggest photo enlargement I have ever seen, and so clear! "'In peril on the sea' how appropriate! Maybe one of those yachts belongs to Nat Ayer .....!"

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO OCTOBER 25, 1958 AT FORT HILL ROAD IN GLOUCESTER

"My family never came back" says Mr. David Richardson "but I was always fond of Ipswich and especially of Geoff Goodale. As long as my grandmother and Aunt Hattie continued to live there I used to make frequent long visits, and one or more times every fall, up until the time I finished college, Geoff used to take me duck hunting. Yes, Ipswich meant a great deal to me. You may keep the photo album as long as you want. And er, - ah, - I went to a memorial service for Aunt Hattie in New York only last month . . . . she was 81 . . . . and your friend Bill Andrews who married Anzie Lord was there."

"Mr. Richardson -, David, I mean," "I interject," that big photograph over your mantle of the two racing yachts - wasn't that in your grandmother's house?"

"Strange you should remember that! It was in my father's house for years and years afterward. I only recently found it again and had it reframed. Yes, it used to hang directly over the piano."

"Do you know anything about those two yachts?"

"Yes, that's another strange thing. I only found out about it this year. My uncle Freddie bought that picture in 1895 and was extremely proud of it, but either he never told me or I didn't remember what it was all about. This year, after I brought it down from the attic, a friend who is very interested in yachting had it rephotographed and took the picture to the New York Yacht Club to see if they could identify it. They could: it was taken less than two minutes before the start of one of the America Cup Races in 1895 ..... "Valkyiere" and "Defender." Here you see them within a length of the starting line. A few seconds later Lord Dunraven, who had no sea room to get past the buoy, fouled "Defender." Her starboard shroud was severed and the topmast fell into the sea. Another photo, taken a minute later, shows a complete shambles. There was a terrible dispute and the races were called off for several years until Lipton began to challenge."

RICHARDSON ALBUM

The Townsend's pony cart at the beach in 1899. David Richardson is astride "Stella."

As previously noted, Dr. Mark W. Richardson had been a close friend of Dr. Townsend for many years and had occasionally joined the Townsends during visits to the Smith Boarding House. Then, during the first four years of the existence of the Townsend house the Richardson's had shared it with the Townsends. The children of both families were now growing up, and it became obvious that more space was needed. There were four Townsend children and six Richardsons.

On August 23, 1902, Dr. Richardson bought from Aaron Kinsman (the same man who sold my brother Jack and myself our property in 1931) a 20-acre tract comprising most of the northern and eastern side of the hill on which Dr. Townsend had built his house, and in 1904 Mr. Nathan H. Richardson, father of Mark, built a large house there (the present Galacar house) for his son. A grass tennis court was almost at once constructed between the new Richardson house and the Townsend house.

In the same year, Mrs. Joseph Lord, Mrs. Mark Richardson's mother, bought the west side of the same hill and built there a very substantial house for herself and those of her five children who had not already left home. These included son Freddie and daughter Hattie.

Freddie Lord was, at that time, a debonair bachelor making an excellent income in an entirely new business; he was an electrical contractor, head of the Lord Electric Co. His first car was a Stanley Steamer. This was soon followed by one of the most striking cars of those early days, a great, green Napier, which both David Richardson and Robert Goodale remember very well. ("He never had a Napier" says Gertrude Townsend. "Whatever it was, it made more noise than any other car I ever heard" says Charles Townsend.) This was followed by a Franklin, which Gertrude Townsend distinctly recalls but which Robert Goodale can't remember. However, David Richardson substantiates both cars.

Freddie Lord was married and moved away before the period covered by my memory. So did the Spellmans, who lived in the nearby Townsend rental house, and the Harvey Towles, who for some years were summer residents on the Road.

ALL PHOTOS: RICHARDSON ALBUM

ABOVE:

Mrs. Joseph Lord on her Ipswich porch with David Richardson, 1909.

TOP RIGHT:

Dr. and Mrs. Richardson take David for a drive on the beach in 1898.

CENTER:

The Taylor house in 1903 with Mrs. Mark Richardson, and sons David (center) and Jack.

BOTTOM:

Amateur photographer David Richardson "photographs" Gertrude Townsend and "Rollo", 1899.

LEFT:

Mr. Nathan H. Richardson at Ipswich in 1902 with son Mark and grandson David.

CENTER:

Hattie Lord with Beth Harrington on motor trip, 1906.

BOTTOM:

The Richardson's carriage, and son David, on the beach in 1900.

BROOKS' ALBUM

RICHARDSON ALBUM: TWO PHOTOS

In 1909 infantile paralysis suddenly struck the Richardson family a double blow: their sons Mark and Jack died within a week. (Katherine Taylor was also struck, but recovered.) Ipswich at once became an unpleasant association to the Richardsons, and they moved away with their four surviving children to East Edgcombe, Maine, never to return as a family group.

Mrs. Lord and her daughter Hattie, however, continued to live in Ipswich for many more years. Hattie, who was a landscape painter, had a studio on the third floor where she frequently painted the Ipswich marshes. David Richardson still has one of these paintings hanging in the stair hall of his house in Gloucester.

The fourth of July, always a very important occasion for the "Pillbox Colony," was for many years signalized by a baseball game at the Lord's, in the field between their house, the Townsend rental house and the Taylor house (now the old baseball field is the Usher Coolidge vegetable garden.) When the Richardsons moved away the Harringtons began their fourth of July Circus ceremonies.

Also on July 4th, as the sun set, fireworks were set off on top of the hill back of the Richardson house, to pay for which display David Richardson used to go from door to door collecting money; he now recalls that it used to total between seven and eight dollars. Inflation must have been already in effect as I grew up, because I well remember that between 1920 and 25, when Chandler Robbins and I had the same job, we used to aim at $25.00 as our goal. Today the same set of fireworks would cost about $100.00 and would also be illegal.

Although the Lords gave up the annual baseball game and fireworks, they retained their interest in Sunday hymn singing, which frequently took place in their living room. In fact Mrs. Lord was instrumental in starting this Sunday morning custom, which for more than fifty years has taken the place of organized church-going amongst the residents of the Road.

Benjamin S. VanWyck bought the Lord house when Mrs. Lord died in 1926 and Hattie moved away.

CROCKETT ALBUM

The Towles beach picnic junior group in 1906. The identifications are by Kitty Crockett Robertson, as of October 1958. (Standing). Robert and Geoffrey Goodale, Gertrude Townsend, and an unidentified girl. (Second row standing) Kitty (directly in front of Gertrude), Mark and Jackie Richardson and Edward Vickery. (Seated) Eddie Goodale, Katherine Taylor in front of unknown girl, another unknown girl, Frances Townsend (with hair bow), Henry Spellman, David Richardson, Ruth Taylor, Caroline Towle, Elizabeth Spellman and Charles Townsend.

VICKERY ALBUM

"Winning Baseball Team, 1911". Spellman house in background. (Standing) Dr. Spellman, two unknowns, Dr. Townsend, Robert Haydock, Edward Vickery, (seated) A^2S, unknown, Mrs. Rousmanniere, Gretchen Rogers and (in front) Ruth Harrington.

TOWNSEND

It is the fall of 1925. I have taken time out from my activities as a junior at Harvard to go duck hunting with Kitty (Crockett) Brackett's husband, Tony. We have had a fairly successful morning and are now rowing in from the motorboat jointly owned by Chandler and myself (powered by a Model T Ford engine removed from the 1914 truck of Atkinson the fish man) toward the Townsend float. My Marmon awaits us at the Townsend bath house.

With purposeful step a familiar bearded figure approaches down the boardwalk which spans the marshes from the bath house to the float. It is Dr. Townsend, wearing the usual golf pants and corduroy jacket, and field glasses slung around his neck. Years ago the Doctor used to be an ardent gunner but now his interests have veered to conservation. He does not openly oppose gunning, but certainly is not one to encourage it. His intense interest in wild life prompts him, however, to meet returning hunters in the hope that he may identify a rare bird or two from their bags. This time his manner is unusually cold.

"Hello, Sidney and Tony."

"Good morning, Dr. Townsend."

"When did they change the law to allow hunting on Sunday?"

"I didn't know they had changed it."

"Then what are you two doing with guns today?"

"We've been shooting. This is a holiday, Monday, October 12th."

"Oh yes! Of course, of course."

S.N.S. PHOTO

Skyline behind the Townsend float in 1925. Houses from left are Harrington, Lord, Townsend rental house and part of Townsend. The shooting-blind on pontoons was an invention of mine which proved to be too cumbersome for practicality.

TOWNSEND ALBUM

Dr. Townsend in characteristic birding costume, Feb. 11, 1906. Scene is near his own house; Choate Island at right.

TOWNSEND ALBUM

Dr. Townsend labeled this July 1908 picture "The farmer and his wife".

Ever since I have been pleased that it was he and not ourselves who had made a mistake for I have no doubt that Dr. Townsend could and would have made it very uncomfortable for us if he had caught us red-handed violating the game laws. (Actually we never ran such a risk, for we never hunted illegally).

Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend was an authority on many subjects, a man to be respected and revered. Born in 1859, three years before George Patterson, he was in his early prime one of Boston's highly respected medical practitioners. As the years went by he became increasingly interested in natural history and slowly withdrew from his profession in order to follow his hobby. He was the author of "Sand Dunes and Salt Marshes" (1913) and "Beach Grass" (1923). He and his first wife were tireless walkers. They considered the 3-1/2 mile walk from the Ipswich station to their house, "Merula Farm," a mere starter for much longer walks on the dunes and beach. The longest of all his walks was around the Gaspe peninsula, a subject on which he used to lecture with accompanying lantern slides from his own very good photographs.

The first Mrs. Townsend died in 1917. Not long afterward Dr. Townsend married his first wife's sister, but, sadly, she also died about 1924. For the remaining ten years of his life Dr. Townsend lived during the winter--usually with a male companion--at "Merula Farm" where he was always delighted to receive visitors and discuss natural history, boating, the early days of Argilla Road and other favorite subjects.

The Townsend house was built in 1898 as a joint project of Dr. Townsend and Dr. Mark W. Richardson both of whom had previously spent part of their summers at Smith's Boarding House. Now Dr. Crockett, another boarder, had bought the boarding house! The two families lived together in cramped quarters for four summers, at the end of which Dr. Richardson built the present Galacar house and also a boat house at the edge of Castle Neck River. This boat house, later purchased by Dr. Townsend and moved back to the mainland away from the ravages of ice cakes and flood tides during winter storms, remained until about 1950, when it was torn down.

TOWNSEND ALBUM

The Townsend boathouse when it stood at the edge of Castle Neck River. The occasion was the 1907 4th of July boat races. Ladies did not wear blue jeans!

The Richardson-Townsend boat house, its many locker cells each rented to a different family, was for some years a center of social activity of the Road. Dr. Townsend took a photograph showing it at the height of its popularity on July 4, 1907 before it was moved back to the mainland. On this occasion sail boat and canoeing races highlighted the festivities.

Of the small craft owned by the Townsends it may be said that they comprised a long succession of canoes and sailboats, but never a powered craft, for they did not like motors. Two famous names for their sailboats were the "Merlin" and the "Peep". There was also the "Walloping Window Blind". When the latter became decrepit, the owner, who may at that time have been Dr. Townsend, let her go adrift on a high tide and the following spring my father salvaged her. This was the first sailboat owned by the Shurtleffs, and a sorry thing she was. She leaked badly, but still worse could not point into the wind; even when the wind was good she went backward in relation to the shore whenever the tide was against her. I now suspect this defect must have resulted from my father's use of an improvised jib and the sail from another boat. Soon my father let "Window Blind" go adrift once more.

Dr. Townsend always tried to help all the children of the Road to learn water sports and boating. At one time he was Ipswich agent for "Cape Cod Boats" and sold five rather tippy little, flat-bottomed, centerboard boats to as many families. These formed a racing class but were so poorly designed that they did not continue to be raced for long.

In order to arouse enthusiasm for boating among the young, Dr. Townsend, in 1904, offered a prize to the boy most proficient in all-around water sports. No one knew what the prize would be until it was won at last by Robert Vickery. Young Bob was disgusted; it was merely a photograph of a hay barge or "gundalow" taken an indefinite number of years earlier and of no interest to him. He preserved it, however, and now it is a prize possession. No one else on the Road has a picture of this long abandoned method of harvesting the hay from the saltmarshes. (The word "gundalow" is a corruption of "gondola".)

VICKERY ALBUM

"Gundalow" being used to harvest salt hay. This photograph was given as a prize to Robert Vickery by Dr. Townsend in 1904. The picture was taken at an earlier date and must have been regarded as a rarity by Dr. Townsend.

In 1899 Dr. Townsend built a barn at "Merula Farm" and soon acquired a pony, Stella, and a pony cart. All four of the Townsend children, Gertrude, Margaret, Frances and Charles remember Stella with affection.

The first Townsend automobile was a 1908 Cadillac. Although pneumatic tires had been regarded as a success for more than ten years Dr. Townsend, as the photograph shows, chose imported English "Hartman" tires of solid rubber with holes at regular intervals to make them more resilient. The then well-known, heavy incidence of flat tires was the cause of this choice. One day, when being driven by his father, Charles recalls, one of the tires picked up an iron spike at least six inches long. As his father pulled the spike out, he said triumphantly to Charles: "Now you see that the Hartman tires are justified."

On the other hand, Robert Goodale says "It was so hard riding, he had to get rid of it."

TOWNSEND ALBUM

Dr. Townsend on July 4, 1908 poses in his new Cadillac at the front door of "Merula Farm".

My memory does not extend back to the Cadillac days but I do recall vividly the 1914 Townsend Ford which served the entire family for many years both in Ipswich and in Boston. In 1917 while driving this Ford Dr. Townsend spotted me on the sidewalk walking from Noble & Greenough School at 100 Beacon Street, Boston, toward Dexter's field in Brookline where we were required to go every afternoon for athletics. He pulled up to the curb, invited me aboard and drove me all the way to "Dexter's," an action I have always thought extremely generous of him.

About 1918 the Townsend Ford, which, except for the brass, had always been black, was surprisingly painted bright fire-engine red, and to see the sedate, bearded doctor driving in such a gaudy contraption was a shock to many persons. It was only a few weeks ago (September 6, 1958) that I discovered why the color scheme was changed. It seems that for the summer of 1918 the car was loaned to daughter Frances (now Mrs. Wendell Taber) and she reports that she herself painted it red at that time and also named it "Red Johnnie".

One day when being driven by my mother along the Road near Heartbreak Hill, we came upon "Red Johnnie" deserted and rammed against an elm tree on the right hand side of the road. The right front wheel, fender and headlight were sadly crumpled. I never learned the cause of this accident until on October 28, 1958 I questioned Charles Townsend about it.

TOWNSEND ALBUM

The four Townsend children with their grandmother Flint, April 14, 1907. Gertrude, Frances, Charles and Peggy.

"I certainly do remember it," said Charles with a broad smile. "I was in the car at the time!"

"Father was driving. He had formed the habit of carrying his binoculars on a strap around his neck, and whenever an interesting bird was seen would stop the car and reach for the glasses. This time we were going about twenty miles an hour when a pheasant flew off Heartbreak Hill into a field on our right. Father raised his glasses to follow the pheasant - but this time he forgot to stop the car first. Next thing I knew we were all mixed up with that tree."

"I said," continued Charles, "'Father, I think now is the time for you to stop driving.' He agreed. It was the last time he took the wheel--and I drove for him much of the time after that."

GOODALE

"Now, it won't hurt a bit", my mother says. "Dr. Goodale is the best specialist in all New England when it comes to taking out tonsils. And when it's over you can have all the ice cream you want. Yes, really!"

The room seems full of strange people. There is a general tenseness in the atmosphere which suggests that this is a great event in which I am, involuntarily, the central figure. My apprehension mounts at the sight of a white-clad nurse and a table covered with basins, pitchers, cotton wool and unfamiliar apparatus. It is 1911 and I am five.

"Dr. Goodale had to give up a whole morning in Boston just for you", continues my mother, "so don't fuss when he gets here -- in fact, here he is now!"

A tall, thin, heavily-bearded man enters the room, carrying a "Boston bag". He greets everyone present in a brisk perfunctory manner and nods to the nurse, then starts opening his bag.

The nurse advances toward me with a large white cone apparently swathed in bandages and, while my mother holds my hand, presses it against my face. There is a sound of escaping gas and an unfamiliar but not unpleasant smell.

"What in the world is this woman doing to me, anyway? What a funny way to get ice cream! I think I don't like that woman. Oh, I wish she would take that cone off my face. I really can't breathe properly at all and she is getting so far away ---."

The next thing I know I am eating vanilla ice cream, of which there is plenty in front of me, but my throat hurts so I can only manage a few spoonfuls.

"You were a good boy" my mother says "and Dr. Goodale had your tonsils out in no time. He was only here about twenty minutes!"

Dr. Joseph Lincoln Goodale, who had been familiar with the Road since 1887 (when he was eighteen) bought an 1815 farm house and a large tract of land there in 1900. The purchase price, including not only the big 2-1/2 story house but also a large barn, was $2500. (This is essentially the present Zamecnik property, except that in 1951 Dr. Goodale had the barn removed because of its unsafe condition). They soon had the house thoroughly renovated and Mrs. Goodale, who was an ardent gardener, created a fine flower garden, enclosed by a hedge, on the west side of the house.

Dr. Goodale bought the present Goodale Orchard land and "Orchard House" about 1920.

The Goodales had three sons: Robert, Geoffrey and Edward, all three of whom continued to live on the Road, at least during the summer, during the period covered by this report. Robert bought the 1669 Goodale house in Peabody and had it re-erected in Ipswich. Edward now owns 40 acres of the orchard land but lives in Arlington, Virginia when not in the polar regions on International Geophysical Year affairs. Geof-

GOODALE ALBUM

Dr. and Mrs. Goodale with Robert and Geoffrey at the turn of the century, 1900.

GOODALE ALBUM

"Southgate", the Goodale home in 1901 before the barn had been moved.

frey lived alone with his father in the original house after Mrs. Goodale died in 1924.

Robert Goodale reported to me on October 2, 1958 that his father's first car was a second-hand, bright red, chain-drive, 1905 Franklin, bought in 1906. The air-cooled engine was mounted athwart-ships and was cranked at the side of the car. During the winter the Goodales, like all the other Argilla Road doctors, lived in Boston. It was in the spring of 1906 that the Franklin was given its first real trial, when the family attempted to drive to Ipswich in it. They left Boston right after breakfast, nearly capsized in Charlestown when the wheels caught in a trolley car track, had lunch in Salem, and arrived in Ipswich by five o'clock (having covered 35 miles). Between Beverly and Hamilton they raced a Ford and won. This trip was considered a triumph be-

TAYLOR ALBUM

At the Harrington Circus, July 4, 1913, Dr. Goodale and female impersonator who resembles Charles Townsend, (but Charles was only 12 in 1913!)

cause there were no breakdowns on the way, whereas usually the chain of the chain-drive broke every twenty miles.

The next cars were a succession of Franklines until 1910, when a new Elmore was acquired. Since a trip to Europe was planned that summer, it was considered necessary to have a chauffeur and a man named Lathe was employed. He successfully drove the Goodales, including Robert, then fifteen, all around Europe, and at least once managed to roll up the unheard of total of 150 miles in a single day. However, in Italy the Elmore was in collision with a produce cart loaded with watermelons. The farmer driving the cart was very angry and to appease him Dr. Goodale bought one of the melons at an exorbitant price. When they ate the melon it was declared the best they had ever tasted. Dr. Goodale saved the seeds and planted them in Ipswich. For many years thereafter the family and friends enjoyed watermelons from this source.

In 1912 the Goodales acquired the car which made the greatest impression both on them and on the Road. It was a brand new seven-passenger Winton touring car, blue with natural wood wheels and more brass to contrast with the blue than I had ever seen before. It also had red leather upholstery that smelled deliciously. The year this car was new Dr. and Mrs. Goodale invited my parents and me to go on a picnic. The chauffeur drove us majestically all the way to the big pine grove in the Essex woods near the Manchester line (seven whole miles) and here we dismounted. In contrast to the Shurtleff method of picnicking, which involved some odds and ends thrown into a paper bag together with a frying pan, paper and matches, Dr. Goodale brought out two beautiful wicker baskets which, when opened, revealed fitted linings with gleaming forks, knives and spoons in little groups of six each, nickel-plated boxes containing daintily wrapped sandwiches and, believe it or not, two large nickel-plated Thermos bottles in each basket, containing

GOODALE ALBUM

John Augustus Burnham and Robert Goodale, March 1901.

GOODALE ALBUM

LEFT:

Mrs. Goodale and Eddie in her garden, about 1905.

DODGE ALBUM

Buick of about 1916 vintage owned by Betty DuBlois. Eddie Goodale had a duplicate of this car.

soup, milk and coffee. Ever since, I have had an inferiority complex about the way Shurtleff-Shurcliff picnics have been organized.

The Goodales took the Winton to Europe for one summer, and after its return their eldest son, Robert, was allowed to drive it. Unlike his daredevil and reckless brother, Geoffrey, Robert was a careful and skillful driver. Nevertheless he most embarrassingly smashed the Winton into a tree on his own driveway with severe damage to the front end and to the tree. He told me, in 1958, the reason for the accident: as he turned into the driveway he found Frances Townsend and Ruth Taylor squarely in front of him, so he deliberately swerved into the tree.

Before long all three of the Goodale boys had their own cars. Geoffrey's first was a 1915 Trumbull miniature car of which I have a vivid recollection. About 1916 I was told that the red schoolhouse was being loaded on a wagon to take it away. This schoolhouse was located close to the road at the northwest corner of the Goodale front lawn. Sure enough, it was being jacked up to be placed on a large wagon with huge wheels. Watching the operation was tall, (6'-5½") lanky Geoff standing beside a baby-sized roadster, bright red with black wire wheels. I watched with great interest the manner in which he doubled himself up to get into it. Somehow he was successful and drove away.

The schoolhouse was moved to Candlewood Road where it still stands today, converted to other use.

In 1918, Bob recalls, he had a red Studebaker roadster. And I well remember Eddie's first car, a black Buick-six roadster of about 1916 vintage. The 1912 Winton lasted 'til 1918 at which time Dr. Goodale, like Dr. Richard Smith, turned to a succession of huge Peerless sedans.

In 1923 Robert was, with one exception, the first car owner on the Road to have four-wheel brakes. These were a startling innovation which arrived on his new four cylinder, small-size Buick touring car. The exception was Mr. Warner's 1912 Issotta Fraschini, which as elsewhere noted, seldom, if ever, ran.

No description of the Goodale family should omit mention of Dr. Goodale's vineyard and wine cellar. Although he never touched hard liquor, the Doctor had a connoisseur's knowledge of wines and loved to experiment in both horticulture and wine production. He started his vineyards in 1910 and about 1913 had a local stonemason, Tony Mancuso, build him a stone wine cellar in true Calabrian style. Through influential friends in the Department of Agriculture in Washington he secured foreign yeast and, perpetuating the foreign subcultures, inoculated his own yeast with it. He was also an entrepreneur in using black paper as mulch around the stems of the vines to start them growing earlier in the season through heat absorption into the ground.

When I was married in 1935, we received as a wedding present from Dr. Goodale a bottle of his best wine. What more could we hope for?

VICKERY

It is the late summer of 1923 and in only a few days I will be a freshman at Harvard. Meanwhile the coot are flying in long black lines across Ipswich Bay and, despite the fact that he will never again see sixty-five, the only person more anxious than myself to bag a few of them is Dr. Vickery. At 4:30 A.M. he and I board my third- or fourth-hand motorboat, which is moored just off the Townsend float. To the stern we make fast a dory heavily loaded with two dozen double shadow decoys, one dozen wooden block decoys, five anchors and anchor lines and assorted nets, buoys, kegs and waterproof cartridge boxes.

With the aid of a flashlight we locate the flywheel of the two-cylinder Palmer engine and with some effort turn it over by hand. Nothing happens except that a horde of mosquitos launch an attack on us. Mosquito dope is applied.

We remove the plugs and prime her with raw gasoline. More spinning of the wheel results in a few faint coughs and kickbacks.

5:00 A.M. Still cranking - blisters forming - flashlight fading.

5:30 A.M. As a final emergency effort we'll use up the small supply of ether we have in a can. Out come the plugs again and in goes the strange smelling ether; when spilled on the flesh it feels like liquid ice because of the fast evaporation. Now its Dr. Vickery's turn to spin the wheel. He places on the engine bed his knife, a favorite of many years, with which he has been cleaning the plugs, reaches for the knob on the flywheel and heaves---KACHOW! .....the engine kicks - the knob flies backward out of his hands, comes up smartly under one end of the knife and the knife flies out of the motor hatchway, gleaming in the sunrise, and disappears forever in the deepest part of the river.

5:35 - we start to take the motor apart, Dr. Vickery still patient and helpful.

6:30 - Motor all apart.

7:00 - Eat sandwiches and cocoa from thermos - apply more mosquito dope.

8:30 - Motor all reassembled. Start cranking again. Blisters very bad. Dr. Vickery still calm and patient.

9:00 - Tide going out - motor still dead - back aches.

10:00 - Motor still dead - we'll have to give up - dory to be unloaded. Dr. Vickery still in perfectly good humor - what a miracle!

Dr. Herman F. Vickery learned about Ipswich before 1900 from his friends Drs. Townsend, Goodale and Crockett. In 1902 he purchased the present Vickery house, which was then a double house, and 130 acres of land from Herman H. Story. It had been previously for many years, until 1884, in the hands of the Cogswell family, and according to Margaret Vickery (1958) it is an authenticated fact that two feuding Cogswell brothers lived there for years without speaking to one another, each in his own end of the double house. The Cogswells at least kept the house in good condition but the Storys neglected it shamefully.

The original deed of the Vickery land was from the Commoners of Ipswich to Major General Dennison as a reward for his service in fighting the Indians.

Dr. Vickery's first car was a 1901 Pierce Arrow, Stanhope model, a sidewinder with a box in front of the driver's seat. The front and top of this box could be rotated around and down to form a seat and footrest for two people, who thus sat practically on the floor with their feet hanging out over the front - so low that the driver could look over their heads.

After the Stanhope came a long succession of Pierce Arrows, but the only ones of which any photographs remain are the two herewith portrayed. Finally, however, Dr. Vickery changed to Buicks; the last one, I clearly recall, was a 1928 sedan, which he kept until the time of his death in 1940.

Dr. and Mrs. Vickery had four children, Margaret, Ruth, Robert and Edward. Edward tragically died in 1913. Robert and his wife Catharine, continue to live on the property as summer and weekend residents. They are still using the dory which he bought second-hand about 1928 and which at that time was believed to be at

VICKERY ALBUM

Dr. Vickery, Robert and Edward with Pierce Arrow at start of their 1911 motor trip. Car is right-hand drive, probably 1910 model.

VICKERY ALBUM

Camping out on the same trip. The Vickerys had invented alternate methods for easy erection of the tent.

VICKERY ALBUM

Edward Vickery illustrates still another method of pitching a tent on the 1912 trip.

least fifteen years old. This dory, when not propelled by oars through thole pins, is motored by a Johnson outboard motor whose origin has been lost in the mists of antiquity. When Robert recently took it to the Johnson dealer to attempt a trade-in the dealer tried to look up the motor number to determine the year of manufacture.

"I won't give you nothing for it" he said, "even in trade! It's so old that the number isn't even listed on the records of the Company."

Nevertheless, with a few lapses, this motor still runs dependably. And Robert, like his father, remains an ardent coot shooter.

My mother has often told an amusing story in which Dr. Vickery was the central figure. For years it had been the annual custom of Mrs. Crane to invite the ladies of Argilla Road to a very formal luncheon. On the year in question, Dr. Vickery was home on vacation when the invitation arrived. It came by telephone via Mrs. Strahan, the Crane's household manageress, and was intended only for Mrs. Vickery and her daughter Margaret. However the message was somehow garbled so that the Vickerys thought it was meant for Dr. and Mrs. Vickery. After consulting Dr. Vickery, Mrs. Vickery telephoned that "the Vickerys will be glad to come".

When they arrived at the Cranes, who were at that time living in the Italian villa later replaced by the Georgian house, Mrs. Crane seemed calm and composed despite the fact that Dr. Vickery was the only man present among a large number of ladies. She welcomed him with a sweet smile and announced that there would be a small delay before lunch. The delay extended about forty minutes at the end of which time Mrs. Strahan, who had not previously been seen, joined the group dressed in her very best clothes.

"We will go in to luncheon now" announced Mrs. Crane, "but where's Margaret Vickery?"

"Why, Margaret isn't coming" said Mrs. Vickery. "We did not realize she was invited."

Mrs. Crane, still apparently unruffled, announced there would be another slight wait before lunch. This time after only about fifteen minutes they went in to a very fine meal indeed. Mrs. Strahan however was no longer present.

HARRINGTON ALBUM

Dr. Vickery runs a relay race at the Harrington Circus, 1911.

Later Mrs. Crane confessed what had really happened; when Dr. Vickery unexpectedly arrived it would have made thirteen at the table if Margaret, whom she believed had accepted, had also been there. Not noticing that Margaret was absent she instructed Mrs. Strahan to prepare to join the party. She also ordered the table reset for fourteen. When Margaret was found to be absent this brought the number back to thirteen again, so she had to tell Mrs. Strahan to leave the party and to order the table reset again for twelve.

Like several Argilla Roaders, Robert Vickery had a distinguished overseas record in World War I, but that is beyond the scope of this report. Nevertheless, the following episode which occurred in the Mexican War, just prior to World War I, has enough relation to the Road to justify its insertion here, in Robert Vickery's own words.

"Troop B of the 2nd Mass. Cavalry was camped in desert country 15 miles East of El Paso, Texas, during July 1916. I was a member of this troop.

One morning after drill I was ordered to report to our Captain. Such a summons gave a private rather apprehensive thoughts. On arrival at Troop Headquarters, in my best military style I clicked my heels, saluted and started off

Chandler Robbins as Sir Harry Lauder assisted by cowboy (A^2S), unidentified tot and Robert Vickery on stilts at 1911 Harrington Circus.

For their 1912 camping trip the Vickerys' had a newer Pierce Arrow, but still right hand drive. This was before headlights on Pierces were mounted on fenders.

with 'Sir, Private Vickery reports to . . . ' when I was interrupted by the outstretched hand and cheery voice of Major Eugene Crockett--no service regulations for him, just a cordial Argilla Road greeting! He was on a Red Cross inspection trip of all Mass. militia camps and had been driven out from El Paso that morning to look over our area. Conversation flourished, at least on his part, and then 'Robert,' he said, 'Collect four of your buddies and I'll drive you all in to the Hotel Del Norte for a dinner party'.

A pass to El Paso was a rare and infrequent luxury. However, a Major's bidding could not be ignored by my Captain and to my great pleasure five passes were issued.

In due course, therefore, Major Crockett, two Corporals and three Privates, disembarked from a large Packard and entered Hotel Del Norte. At once the troopers were invited to the bar. There was a slight hesitation that appeared to astonish the Major and then it was blurted out that due to desert dust a tub bath really seemed to have first call. To his luxurious suite we went, and each had a chance at the tub. (At camp very inadequate water supply, great heat, perpetual dust, and work with horses, all contributed to this unusual preference.)

From then on the party took its natural course. Major Crockett was at his best, a perfect host, who gave us an evening that became the high spot of our Mexican Border campaign.

Dr. Crockett never let me forget this episode. With his infectious chuckle, I can still hear him ragging me, 'Robert, whoever heard of a soldier putting a bath ahead of a drink?'"

HARRINGTON-HAYDOCK-BROOKS

HAYDOCK ALBUM

Dr. Harrington at bat in 1911 at the Lords' house (now Usher Coolidge house). Neither the catcher nor the cars have been identified.

BROOKS ALBUM

Dr. Harrington in 1903.

Dr. and Mrs. Francis B. Harrington were amongst the early arrivals of the "Pill Box Colony". They purchased land from Dr. Vickery in 1903 and immediately built their large house (now the Haydock house). My father, who for some years had been a friend of the Harringtons, laid out the garden, driveway and grounds--one of his first independent jobs as a landscape architect. Shortly afterward a barn, garage and farmer's house were constructed at a very considerable distance from the main house. Quarters for a chauffeur were also provided.

Gertrude Townsend recalled on September 7, 1958 that Dr. Harrington's first car, a Pierce Arrow, had the only door to the tonneau in the center of the back and that the approach was via steps to this door. Dr. Harrington owned this car the summer he rented the Crockett house during the construction of his own house so it must have been a 1903 model or earlier.

Because Dr. Harrington died in June 1914, when I was only eight years old, my memories of him are not many, but I do recall his geniality,

HAYDOCK ALBUM

Dr. Harrington watching baseball at the Lords', 1911. The Harrington Pierce Arrow is the more distant of the two cars. No one else has been identified.

his reddish moustache and the very impressive Pierce Arrows of which he had a long succession. They were all touring cars and whenever possible he drove with the top down, as is suggested by the accompanying illustrations. His daughters Beth, and Ruth--who was nine years younger--learned to drive in these cars. Ruth tells me (1958) that she first learned at the age of twelve and since no licenses were required in those days she was soon entrusted alone with the heavy cars. She remembers all too vividly, as the car passed, horses rearing up and sometimes nearly overturning buggies.

About 1914 my mother also learned to drive in one of these Pierce Arrows. It seems that she and Ruth were going to the Essex Country Club to play tennis and Ruth had planned to do the driving. As they were about to start, however, she had a giddy spell. "Margaret, you will have to drive", she said.

"I don't know how to drive and have never even held the wheel," my mother replied.

"Well, you'll have to drive now and I'll tell you what to do as we go along."

My mother summoned up her courage and with difficulty released the hand brake, manipulated the pedals and shifted the gears. They succeeded in getting safely, albeit erratically, to the Club, by which time Ruth had recovered sufficiently to play tennis.

In 1906 the Harringtons and some of the Lord family (probably Freddie and certainly Hattie) joined forces for a motor trip to Cornish, New Hampshire, 150 winding and hilly miles away. One reason for selecting Cornish was that the famous sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who had his studio there, was a patient of Dr. Harrington. On this trip went someone (probably Freddie Lord) who took a series of excellent photographs, nearly all of which are so striking that they are reproduced herewith.

Amongst the pictures not included here are several of the Saint-Gaudens home and studio,

BROOKS ALBUM

Start of the Harrington-Lord automobile trip, 1906. Dr. Harrington sits in front seat of Pierce Arrow while his chauffeur stands. Hattie Lord and Beth Brooks follow in what is believed to be Freddie Lord's green Napier.

one of the motor cavalcade from Ipswich in front of Harlakenden, the house of the great American author, Winston Churchill, and one of my grandmother Nichols in her gardens at "Mastlands", my grandfather's place. My grandmother, incidentally, was the sister of Mrs. Saint-Gaudens, whom my aunts always called "Aunt Gussie".

"I wonder why they stopped at Grandma Nichols' on that 1906 trip?" I asked my mother on November 6, 1958.

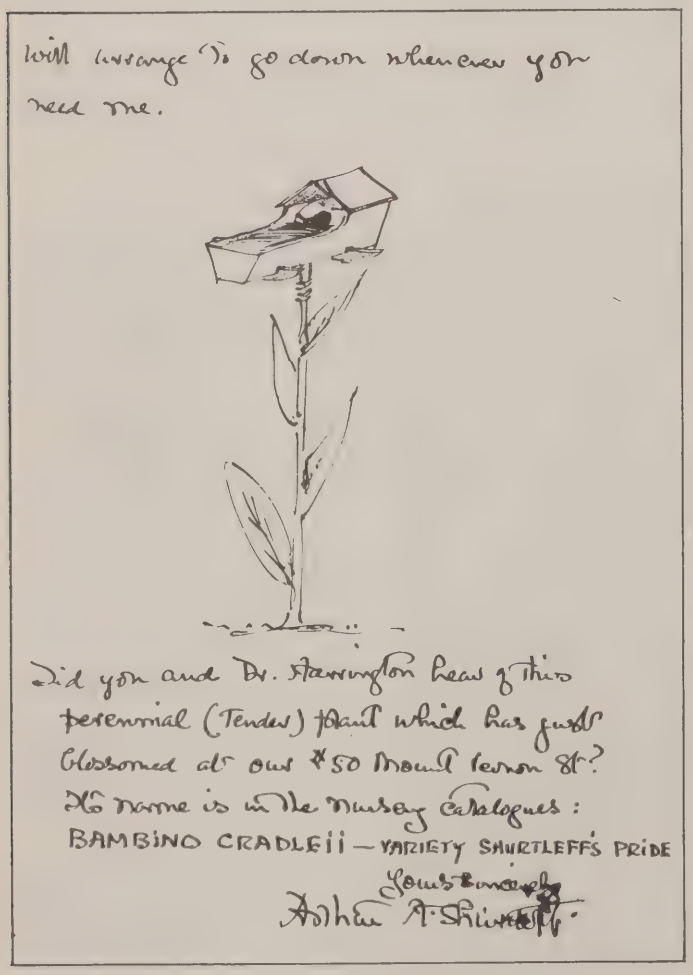
"They stopped to call on me" replied my mother "I remember it very well. They wanted to see you! You were only four months old, and since we had not yet moved to Ipswich, they had heard of you from your father but had never seen you."

BROOKS ALBUM

The party passes through Concord, N.H.

BROOKS ALBUM

The girls hull strawberries during a stop. Ruth Harrington holds camera.



will arrange to go down whenever you need me.

Did you and Dr. Harrington hear of this perennial (Tender) plant which has just blossomed at our #50 Mount Vernon St? Its name is in the nursery catalogues: BAMBINO CRADLE!! — VARIETY SHURTLEFF'S PRIDE

Yours sincerely
Arthur A. Shurtleff

HAYDOCK FILES

Last page of a letter written by my father to his client and friend Dr. Harrington announcing my arrival in the world, March 24, 1906.

Three successive breakdowns on the New Hampshire trip; first the Napier? (top), then the Pierce Arrow (middle) and next the Napier again (Hattie Lord at wheel).

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BROOKS ALBUM

HAYDOCK ALBUM

Spectators at the 1912 Harrington Circus. Katherine Taylor (with flag) sits in monkey cart made as a present for her by Dr. Osgood and Ruth Taylor looks over her knee. Front row, the Higinbotham nurse, Maggie Ohl; myself; S.P.S.; W.A.S.; Sally Robbins (as an Indian); Chandler Robbins; Peggy Barney (next to shafts); Harlow Higinbotham, and Eddie Nash, with Dr. Townsend just behind him. Above Maggie Ohl's hat is Florence Crane, then to right Cornelius Crane, Florence Higinbotham and Kitty Crockett. Anne Robbins is the baby in her nurse's arms. Mrs. Crockett laughs in back of the Indian's feathers; the others have not been identified.

Without doubt the most memorable events which occurred on the Road during the lifetime of Dr. Harrington were the famous Harrington Circuses held on July 4, 1910-13 inclusive. Although I was very young at the time I can still remember vividly the 1912 circus; the accompanying photographs will help bring it back to many others who were there.

The Circuses were held on top of the Harrington hill northwest of the house and involved competitive events, costumes and funny acts. Tents, canvas barriers, flags and buntings were very much in evidence. In 1912, Dr. and Mrs. Barney, dressed as gypsies, offered to tell fortunes in one of the tents. My father, disguised as an old woman, tried to sell shawls, an act which he had learned from his mother. Mesdames Crane, Crockett and Higinbotham appeared in a single dress as a three-headed woman. Robert Vickery, on stilts, was the "world's tallest woman". Uncle Bill Robbins in silk hat and rolled up sleeves was a magician who flabbergasted all the small-fry by pouring clear water from a pitcher into a glass where it turned red, and from there into another glass where it turned blue and back into the pitcher, where it became white again.

Dr. Vickery and many of the ladies participated in relay and potato bag races. And during all of this Mr. Crane, who had been a drummer in the Yale band, sat on a step-ladder wearing his white flannel trousers, blue jacket and straw boater, beating a drum. Amongst the small-fry Patty Richardson and Sally Robbins were Indians; Charley Sprague, with large mask and uniform, was a police sergeant; Chandler Robbins dressed as Sir Harry Lauder rendered "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" as nearly like Sir Harry as possible; my brother Bill was a pony, and the photographs indicate that I was a dunce.

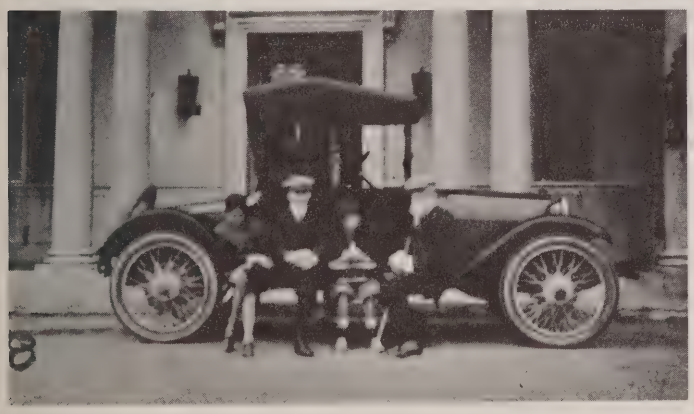
Everyone then living on the Road participated in the Circuses and some of those spectators who have been identified are listed with the photographs reproduced herewith.

HAYDOCK ALBUM

At another Harrington Circus Mr. Crane is, as usual, a drummer and Dr. Barney the comic cop. At his shoulder is Freddy Crockett, then Florence Higinbotham, Eddie Nash (running), Harlow Higinbotham, Cornelius Crane, Mrs. Crane in funny hat and, sitting at far right, N-U-R-S-E. Ladies in back of Mrs. Crane are Beth Harrington (with hat) Elizabeth Ayer (no hat) and my mother.

A frequent visitor to the Road for many years, and especially to the Harringtons during 1914 and '15, was young Robert H. Haydock who used to come down from Boston for visits and weekends. This dapper and well-dressed Stone & Webster executive sported one of the very earliest Dodges, a black, 4-cylinder touring car with red wire wheels. The Dodge was a great novelty at this time, and the red wire wheels made it seem particularly daring. On May 31, 1916 Ruth Harrington was married to Bobby Haydock and they went on their honeymoon in this same Dodge.

Later the Haydock's purchased a Chevrolet "490" which I remember very well because I used to be employed to wash it. In those days when the undersides of the "mud-guards" were



H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

This Higinbotham Dodge was the same vintage as the Haydocks, but a different body model. (see Crane-Higinbotham).

CROCKETT ALBUM

Grandfather Higinbotham with Florence Crane and Freddie Crockett (as "the Organ Grinder") at the Harrington Circus, circa 1912.

VICKERY ALBUM

My mother and father as a giraffe and keeper at the 1910 Harrington Circus. Obviously, my mother was an ardent suffragette.

BROOKS ALBUM

The Haydock Wills St. Claire in 1922, not long before its abandonment.

exposed a good washing job involved thoroughly cleaning all of their undersides, and since these were usually coated with tar, as well as mud and sand, it was a heartbreaking job. Because of the labor involved, the price was as high as a dollar, even in this early day.

During this same period Mrs. Harrington purchased a maroon-colored 4-cylinder Buick sedan which she drove from about 1918 for a period of nearly ten years. Dr. Crockett had an identical car during many of the same years and from a distance it was hard to tell who was who.

After the Haydock's sold their Chevrolet "490" they bought a Wills St. Claire, a very sporty car indeed with cylinder head and walls cast en-bloc. When they moved to New York in 1924 they took the Wills with them and continued to drive it until it was completely worn out. When this finally occurred they abandoned it by the roadside somewhere in Long Island and never heard of it again!

The only other Wills St. Claire that I can recall garaged on the Road was the snappy light blue roadster of that make owned by Minton M. Warren, who used it while courting Sally Robbins and after their marriage in 1926 for at least another four years.

The other Harrington sister, Elizabeth, always called Beth, married Arthur H. Brooks in 1913. The event is particularly clearly recalled by the Robbins family because Henry Robbins was born the same night and Mrs. Robbins felt frustrated by not being able to attend the wedding.

After the Haydock family moved to New York the Brooks spent many summers in Ipswich. Their cars were Buicks until 1928 and then Franklins, which could be seen every day, parked near the beach or the Townsend's float, while the children went swimming.

BROOKS ALBUM

Family group, 1919. Arthur Brooks, Jr., Francis H. Brooks, grandmother Josephine R. Harrington, and Mr. Brooks holding son John R. Sitting, at left, Ruth Haydock holds son George G., Mr. Haydock with Bobby Jr. and Mrs. Brooks, the former Beth Harrington with daughter Harriet.

BROOKS ALBUM

ABOVE:

John Brooks, his sister Harriet and dog "Peter" in their father's 1926 Buick in 1928. The license number was 1977.

RIGHT:

Bobby Haydock Jr. in 1920, sitting on Mrs. Harrington's Buick.

ROGERS-WINSLOW

The Rogers family of Boston, first arrived for the summer in Ipswich in 1908 at which time they rented what was then a farmhouse and is now the summer home of Mrs. Maurice M. Osborne. After a few summers in that house they changed over to another farmhouse which later became the Goodale Orchard House and is now owned by the Kenneth McLeods.

The Rogers were very proud to boast that their family consisted of four generations. The eldest generation was represented by Mrs. Rogers' mother, Mrs. William P. Brigham, the next by her two daughters and son-in-law, Miss Gretchen Rogers and Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. A. Winslow and the last by the Winslow's daughter Anne, born about 1908, whom we always called Nancy. Also in the household was Dr. Winslow's father, Mr. Erving Winslow. Dr. Winslow was a bacteriologist, public health expert and educator at Yale.

Miss Gretchen Rogers was a great friend of my mother's and hence we children got to know her better than any other member of her household, except Nancy. "Aunt Gretchen" was an enthusiastic tennis player whom we frequently watched at the doubles matches played up and down the Road. In 1913 she and Dr. Osgood won the Crane Cup which Mr. Crane had just a little earlier donated to the Road, and the management of which is still today in the hands of my mother and Catherine Vickery. In 1915 "Aunt Gretchen" won it again with Dr. Barney as a partner. Miss Rogers was also well known as a painter.

Dr. Winslow and Nancy.

ROGERS ALBUM

For transportation the Rogers and Winslows got along without a car of their own almost as long as the Shurtleffs. For years and years they depended on Mr. Grady's livery stable at first for carriages and later for chauffeured Ford touring cars with brass radiators. However in 1916 the dam burst! "Aunt Gretchen" bought a new black Dodge touring car and learned how to drive it. Of this car she was immensely proud - even prouder than Mrs. Sprague was of her 1911 Ford - and she spent much of her time washing, polishing and otherwise babying it. At the first sign of rain it was immediately run into the barn and never allowed out again until the skies cleared. All up and down the Road people made jokes whenever it rained about the tender care which was lavished on this car.

Miss Rogers owned the Dodge from 1916 to 1927. On October 3, 1958 she wrote me, "My old Dodge went to heaven long ago without leaving a trace of its many superior qualities and its record of never having been out in the rain. Mr. Grady was the family umbrella in those days! Sorry I cannot send you its picture."

Higinbotham Dodge of same year as Miss Rogers, but different body model. Florence Higinbotham at wheel. (see Crane-Higinbotham).

H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY
MISS GRETCHEN ROGERS

ABOVE:

Family group; Mr. Winslow and Mrs. Brigham (the two eldest), Mrs. Rogers and Gretchen (standing), Mrs. Winslow and Nancy.

TOP RIGHT:

Miss Gretchen Rogers painting in the barn.

BOTTOM:

Miss Rogers shades grandmother Brigham and niece Nancy.

OSGOOD

"No doubt about it" says 'Uncle Bill' Robbins, "That Dan McLeod is the strongest man on the Road."

I, who am having supper as a guest of the three elder Robbins children, am fascinated by this remark. It is 1916 and I am ten.

"Yes, 'Manie'", he continues as he takes off his linen duster "he must be as strong as an ox!"

"Just a minute 'Oney'", says Aunt "Manie", "The phone.....it's Persis Mason calling again. She would like to see you right away."

"Tell her I'm taking a bath", says Uncle Bill "and I'll see her on my way to Boston, tomorrow."

"She's just lonely" Uncle Bill announces to all of us with his hand held to one side of his mouth in the supposition that because of this precaution Mrs. Mason can't hear him over the phone.

"What's that about Dan McLeod?" asks Aunt Manie, hanging up the receiver.

"Well", says Uncle Bill "you know how hard it is to change a tire on these confounded tin-lizzie clincher rims. First you have to jack up the car. Then you get out the tire irons and pry one side of the tire out over the rim. Then you get on the other side and pry that over to the first side and finally with all your strength, and, God willing, the tire comes off."

"Yes, but what's that got to do with Dan McLeod?" asks Sally.

"Ho! Ho! that what I'm coming to!" continues Uncle Bill. "As I came down the road tonight, there was Dan near Northgate Road with a flat tire on his left front wheel. Now you know a model T Ford isn't light -- but Dan didn't have any jack or any tire irons. So guess what he did?"

"Drove on it flat", volunteers Chandler.

"No" says Uncle Bill triumphantly, "Nothing of the kind! He got down on his knees, lifted up the wheel with one hand and tore the tire right off it with the other! I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes!...."

Half an hour later the 'phone rings again.

"It's Persis Mason again', announces Aunt "Manie", with some trepidation.

"Tell her I'm taking a bath" says Uncle Bill.

"You already had me tell her that half an hour ago."

"Well, tell her I'm taking another bath."

"Bill came home very tired", says "Aunt Manie" into the phone. "He's still soaking. I don't know how I'll ever get him out of that tub..... ."

OSGOOD ALBUM

Watching tennis at the Osgoods' in 1913, r. to l. Eddie and Bradley Nash, Beth (Harrington) Brooks, unknown, Aunt Manie Robbins. Those to left of wicker basket remain unidentified.

Dan McLeod, Argilla Road and the Osgoods are all inseparable and always will be as far as I am concerned. As early as I can remember, Dan was their combination chauffeur, gardener and guardian, and he is still right there as cheery and bright as ever doing the same job today. (However both Osgoods died in the last two years so it is their daughter, Ellen Jennings and her husband and children whom he watches over now.)

Dr. and Mrs. Robert G. Osgood bought Ring's Island, near Fox Creek Canal, and about half way between the Crocketts and the Townsends, in 1907, and shortly afterward built a house designed by architect Austin who later planned the Barney house. The house design was of sufficient merit so that there have been no major changes in it in the fifty years since.

For a general description of the Osgood family, I cannot improve on what my brother has already written:

"In about 1912, the Osgoods built a clay tennis court on the NE side of the Island. Dr. Osgood was very fond of tennis and played with characteristic style abounding in short chop strokes; for many years he used a metal tennis racket, which seemed to add to the effectiveness of his shots. Mrs. Osgood played little, but was an enthusiastic audience; moreover, she always saw to it that, just before the match ended, a large pitcher of grape-juice and ginger-ale was deposited on the "ship's wheel" table sheltered beneath the great oak tree standing on the east side of the court.

"The Osgoods built a small wooden dam across a ten-foot-wide creek passing within 100 yards of the island. Thanks to this dam, it was possible to swim even at low tide. Such a refreshing dip was most welcome to persons who had finished playing three sets of tennis beneath a blazing sun. The Osgoods maintained a 12-ft-square float in the larger creek (branch of Castle Neck Creek) 200 yards to the southeast. They kept a sailboat here, attached to the float by a 50-ft. running line. The float

OSGOOD ALBUM

Dr. Osgood and "Jock," 1915.

had a habit of breaking loose and making mild expeditions up and down the creek; in about 1936 it drifted away for the last time, and established residence on the marshes farther up the creek, becoming the Shurcliffs first float.

"For many summers, the Osgoods served as hosts at a number of Sunday hymn-singings. They were prominent also in the various charade parties held in the neighborhood. Dr. Osgood was expert at informal singing; he had a deep voice and could produce harmonious and humorous second parts to almost any song that might be proposed."

For transportation in the early days, in addition to the Ford supplied to Dan McLeod, the Osgoods had for a long time a make of car which was unique on the Road, although not rare in Boston. This was called an S.G.V., which symbols appeared on the radiator and hub caps in large clear letters, but without any explanation, and even today I don't know what these initials referred to.

The Osgood S.G.V. was a tan colored, four-seater, sport touring car, very much underslung and with so narrow a body it couldn't possibly have seated six, even had they been midgets. It was clearly an expensive car and had a jaunty, racey appearance which today I realize was an adaptation of an even earlier design called the "American Underslung". Even in 1914 it was clear to me that Dr. Osgood took great pride in his S.G.V. and the particular reason for this conclusion was that the upholstery of both front and rear seats was covered with white linen covers, which freshly washed, starched and ironed, were replaced at least weekly, and daily if necessary, to present an absolutely fresh appearance.

I can still remember, as clearly as if yesterday, riding in the rear seat of the S.G.V. after Dr. Osgood had come to drive my mother to a tennis match at his court. He was dressed in white suede shoes, white flannel trousers, cream colored woolen sport jacket and the type of floppy white cloth hat known now, and perhaps then, as "a Brooks Brothers hat." His manners and the careful modulation of his voice were always models of the "right" way for a Bostonian to behave. This is meant in the most complimentary sense of the word, for Dr. Osgood's World War I record overseas proved very clearly that he could perform even better in khaki than he did in white flannels.

After the S.G.V. "went to heaven" (to quote Miss Gretchen Rogers), the Osgoods had a series of cars with considerably less interest until about 1927, they got a Franklin sedan. Up until that time Mrs. Osgood had never learned to drive but the pressure on her to learn became so great that she finally took some lessons. Soon we saw her crawling up and down the Road only a little faster than Mrs. Crane's chauffeur, Johnson (of whom more later).

About a year after Mrs. Osgood learned to drive she lost control of the Franklin on Argilla Road near Northgate close to where the Rantoul and Warner Fords had crashed head-on about ten years earlier. The Franklin climbed over a stone wall and inflicted severe damage to a large larch tree and to Mrs. Osgood's nervous system. However, because of their slow speed at the time of the crash neither Mrs. Osgood nor the Franklin were unrepairable and before long they were both back on the Road again, going slower than ever.

Mrs. Roger Warner told me on November 8, 1958, after gracefully parking her new ranch wagon, "You know I never learned to drive until Margaret Osgood did. That got my dander up! If she could learn, so could I, and I did!"

OSGOOD ALBUM

Mrs. Osgood and daughter Ellen, 1915.

INCHES ALBUM

Nat Ayer encourages Mrs. Osgood in sack race at the 1910 Harrington Circus.

"Here's where we look for the hot lead" says Sally Robbins. "This is the remains of the 'Vendome'".

"Hot lead!" exclaims Charley Sprague "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Why the hot lead the man poured in his wife's ear, of course."

"What would he do that for?"

"He wanted to murder her, silly!" says Sally. "So while she was asleep he poured a whole saucepan of hot lead right in her ear. Look, there is part of the stove sticking out of the sand. And an old frying pan too!"

"Well, why would it be hot now, then?" persists the practical Charlie.

"It wouldn't, counters Sally triumphantly "but it would be the same shape as when it cooled inside her brain, now wouldn't it?"

At this interesting suggestion as to what form the lead might have taken we all rush at the remains of the little camp, which Mr. Crane ordered burned down, and start clawing away sand like dogs at a woodchuck burrow. All kinds of fascinating objects are unearthed, old buttons, belt buckles, candlestick holders, lamp bases, rusty spoons, bits of linoleum, and no doubt about it, part of a stove! (Yes, even part of a bed spring and bits of mattress!) Any minute now that wonderfully sculptured lead may appear.

"That must be where she was lying" exclaims Sally. "Right on that bed, facing toward the River and away from the stove. Then he tiptoes over this way ----."

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM A. ROBERTSON ON ARGILLA ROAD, OCTOBER 4, 1958. I AM TALKING TO KITTY (CROCKETT) ROBERTSON.

"Do you remember how we all used to dig at the old 'Vendome' for the hot lead?" I ask.

"I surely do remember" replies Kitty. "Every kid in the neighborhood used to dig for that lead."

"I wonder whether there was any truth in the rumor that the tenant of the house murdered his wife there?" I ask.

"Not a bit of truth whatever, I can assure you" says Kitty smiling mischievously. "I invented that story myself and I can still remember what a great effect it had when I first told it!"

SPRAGUE ALBUM

Mrs. Sprague pilots her new 1911 Ford. Charlie in back and dog "Cappy" beside the driver. Garage at right was new this year, 1913.

Although the Spragues first came to Argilla Road in 1898, they did not acquire an automobile until April of 1913, at which time Mrs. Sprague instigated the purchase of a 1911 Ford touring car which was a wonder to behold. Although it had no front doors, it was equipped with more brass than almost any other of the Road's automobiles; and Mrs. Sprague was famous for the great care which went into its maintenance, including washing it whenever a speck of dust got onto it and keeping all the brass polished to the highest possible gloss.

Mr. Sprague never learned to drive, so that Mrs. Sprague was always the chauffeur. She was a familiar figure on the Road and on the driveways to the homes of various families where she came to call, or to deliver or collect her children, Ellen, Louisa and Charley. She always wore a long, flowing dress with a very high collar coming up just under her chin.

One of my earliest scientific experiments was unwittingly conducted for me by Mrs. Sprague. One day while she was calling on my mother I wedged a tennis ball under the rear tire of her

PHOTO COURTESY DR. SIDNEY BURWELL

Side view of the same car and passengers, with Louisa here visible in addition.

car in such a position that when the car started up the tennis ball would be in the way. I chose the tire furthest from Mrs. Sprague's viewpoint and hid in a bush to see what would happen. I expected that the tennis ball would explode with a loud noise or else that it would offer so much resistance that the car would stall. To my surprise, when Mrs. Sprague pushed on the low-gear pedal the car roared and shuddered more than usual, but proceeded over the tennis ball which remained uninjured. The weight of the car had been too light to crush it!

Mrs. Sprague frequently used to tell a story about Charlie Howes, our negro choreman. In the days when she first had her car Charlie had not yet acquired a motorcycle and consequently rode a bicycle to work. Charlie had only one weakness and that was alcohol. His manners were usually charming and Mrs. Sprague was accustomed to having him tip his hat when he met her car. One day, however, when she met him, he was smoking a cigar and the bicycle was proceeding on a rather erratic course. When he came abreast of Mrs. Sprague he reached up to tip his hat, but by mistake got hold of the cigar and tipped that to her instead!

The Sprague children, Ellen and Louisa, were older but Charlie was more nearly my contemporary. We used to make many bicycle trips together, sometimes in the company of Chandler Robbins and Fred Crockett and on one such oc-

SPRAGUE ALBUM

Mr. Sprague with Charles, Ellen and Louisa, 1915.

SPRAGUE ALBUM

Charlie's earliest transportation, when he was four in 1909.

casion when all four of us were riding side by side at top speed past Heartbreak Hill one of the bicycles tangled with the next and presently all four crashed, throwing us all into the road. There were many bare knees and arms scraped but no serious injury to ourselves. At least one of the bicycles had to be pushed home.

Soon after its acquisition, Mrs. Sprague had a garage built for her car where it used to stand in solitary splendor with a white rubber mat underneath it to keep grease from dripping on the floor. Imagine the surprise of Chandler, Fred Crockett and myself the following spring to find a miniature automobile on a miniature white rubber mat standing beside Charlie's mother's car. Charlie and his father had been working in their spare time all winter to make this little car which looked just like a full-scale racing car, complete with high radiator, bucket seats, imitation gas tank and a rear platform for an observer. It had real rubber matting on the floor, red upholstery and a steering wheel. By comparison with the crude carts which we children had used for coasting down hill, this one seemed miraculous.

We could not wait to try out Charlie's new auto and somehow or other got it to the top of the Harrington's driveway, down which there is a fairly steep coast of about one-quarter mile. (It was necessary to coast Charlie's car because it had no engine beneath the high hood and there were no push pedals or brakes either!) We started down the hill with Charlie at the wheel and myself on the observer's platform. When we had gained speed of about 25 miles per hour it developed that Charlie's engineering skill had not extended to connecting the steering wheel properly with the front wheels; in short, we were completely out of control and soon very much frightened. The little car left the road and went

SPRAGUE ALBUM

Ellen Sprague's first car, a 1915 Ford bought in 1919.

plunging past some trees into the bushes where it suffered numerous scratches and dents. After this Mrs. Sprague would no longer permit coasting down driveways.

On September 10, 1958 Charlie Sprague read over the above text and pronounced it correct. He also added the following incident which he said was another one of his mother's favorite stories.

One day, after Mrs. Sprague had delivered Mr. Sprague to the 7:19, as was her morning custom, she noticed a pedestrian carrying a bundle walking toward the Cranes, so she offered him a ride, which he accepted.

The man was of foreign extraction, roughly dressed and clearly a "tough" character. He held his bundle in his lap but when the car hit a particularly bad bump something fell out of it with a metallic crash. Mrs. Sprague, horrified, saw a huge revolver on the floor. The man quickly reached down, picked it up and put it back in his package.

Mrs. Sprague was quite terrified until the man explained that he worked on the grounds of the Crane place and always carried a pistol wrapped up with his luncheon sandwiches so that during the noon hour he could engage in target practice at lobster pots off the beach.

TAYLOR

It is November 1919. I am at the Boston Theatre watching a vaudeville comic skit.

COMEDIAN *"You know I am very quick-witted. Just give me a name - any old name - and I'll invent a verse to go with it."*

STOOGE *(with singular lack of ingenuity) "Woodrow Wilson".*

COMEDIAN *(sings)*

"The gentleman asked for Wilson,
A man we all well know.
He's just returned from across the seas,
With his fourteen points to show."

STOOGE *"Yes, sir! that Wilson has worked hard for peace, hasn't he?"*

COMEDIAN *"Henry Ford, with his Peace Ship has worked very hard for peace also."*

STOOGE *"That's right, Henry Ford would do anything for humanity!"*

COMEDIAN *"Well, if Henry Ford would do anything for humanity, why doesn't he put a new spring under that rear seat?"*

The audience roars with laughter.

TAYLOR ALBUM

Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Richard M. Smith and unknown lady in 1913 with Katherine (standing) and Ruth Taylor.

Dr. Edward Wyllys Taylor first came to Ipswich in May, 1900 when Dr. Crockett arranged a dinner meeting for a Boston Doctor's Club at his new home in Ipswich. Dr. Taylor was so favorably impressed with the region that he resolved on his way back from this dinner to acquire a home there. A few days later Dr. Mark Richardson, learning of Dr. Taylor's resolution, telephoned to ask whether the Taylors would be interested in having Dr. Richardson's father arrange for a house to be built on the Richardson property. The Taylors replied affirmatively. They selected a Hathaway Co. standard design of house costing $2,000., which was built by Mr. Nathan Richardson and for many years rented to the Taylors. In 1917 the Taylors bought five acres of land and the house.

My brother William reports as follows:

"The Taylors moved into their new house in the summer of 1901, and had rather a hectic time at first. They had not yet brought in sufficient furniture, and had to sleep on the floor. The one-year-old daughter (Ruth) born exactly four days before the dinner party mentioned in a previous paragraph had to sleep in her baby carriage. There were no mosquito nettings at first, and the mosquitoes took full advantage of the situation.

"In 1917 the Taylors planted 1200 red pines and white pines to the northeast of the main house. The actual planting was done by Mr. George Caverly assisted by two Greek boys from Ipswich Village.

"Dr. Taylor was very fond of chess. In 1923 (per EHT) he built a small stone pavilion or tower as a "chess house". It was located about 150 ft. N of the main house. The floor of the chess house was ruled off to resemble a gigantic chessboard, and the game was actually played on this floor. The chessmen, which were almost a foot high, had been made for Dr. Taylor by an artist-patient of his; they were moved about by means of long lifting sticks."

Katherine Taylor told me in September, 1958, that the first automobile ride which she can remember, was in one of the Goodales cars, which she stepped into from the back. The Taylor's first car, a Hupmobile, was purchased in 1911, the year after Katherine had recovered from the polio attack previously referred to.

Following the Hupmobile, the Taylors had a long succession of Model T Fords. The present garage was built in 1917 or 18 and I can still remember the carpenter working on it before it was finished.

TAYLOR ALBUM

Katherine Taylor at the wheel of the Taylor's new, 1912 Hupmobile in front of their house. Dick Taylor at crank.

When E. B. White wrote "Farewell, My Lovely" about his old Model T, he must have penned it long after his car had been sold for apparently, with the passage of time, he forgot some of the exasperating defects of the Model T. Katherine Taylor's remembrances of the Model T Fords are not filled with enthusiasm and it may be well to record here just what the defects of these cars were as she and I both remember them.

The regular price for a touring car for many years was $395. f.o.b. Detroit and that is the reason why the number plate on the car of cartoon character "Andy Gump" was 395. This seems like a low price even though the dollar was worth much more then than today, but as soon as the car had been ordered it was practically obligatory to order the following items in addition:

Self-starter (after 1917)	$130.00
Demountable rims	30.00
Spare tire and tube	25.00
Boot to enclose the top when down	8.00
Speedometer	35.00
Shock absorbers	45.00
Gasoline gauge	7.00
Oil gauge	2.00
Windshield wipers	12.00
Rear view mirror	3.00
Horn button to more convenient place	3.50
Dash light	3.00
Ignition lock	7.50
Spare tire lock	3.00
	$314.00

TAYLOR ALBUM

Another view of Taylor 1912 Hupmobile.

The above accessories were only the beginning. The car was so badly designed that an entire industry grew up providing the means to overcome its shortcomings. A thick monthly magazine, called "The Fordowner", to which I used to subscribe, depicted hundreds of items which could be used to improve the car. These included a wide selection of better carburetors, improved ignition, conversions to make the awk-

DODGE ALBUM

"Poor Ruthie" is the title Khaki Dodge gave this 1917 view of Ruth Taylor trying to crank one of the Taylor Fords.

ward top into a "one-man top", better looking radiators, drum headlights, water pumps, dozens of anti-rattling devices and such luxuries as overhead valve cylinder heads (which actually doubled the power of the car because the original design of the motor was so inefficient), a Rolls-Ford front end (in the vain hope of making the car look like a Rolls Royce), and a host of others.

In the pre-1917 days there were no self-starters at any price. The engine ran off a magneto which was also the source of current for the headlights. The brilliance of the lights depended on the speed of the motor so that when the motor was idling or running very slowly the lights were practically out whereas, on the other hand, if one raced the motor in low gear, which was frequently necessary in order to get into high when going up a hill, (there was no second speed) the lights blew out. It was, therefore, necessary to keep slipping the clutch and racing the motor when going slowly in order to see where you were going and equally necessary to carry a spare supply of bulbs to replace those blown out.

To determine the oil level, one had to get underneath the car and open two petcocks in the bottom of the crank case. If the oil didn't run out of the bottom one the supply was too low and if it ran out of the top one it was too high. There was no way to determine what lay in between.

In order to check the gasoline level it was necessary to remove the front seat cushion, lift up a hinged wooden cover, unscrew the gasoline tank top and stick a stick into it.

The planetary transmission of the Model T was always a trial and in hilly country the brake-bands kept burning out. On an average three-day trip through the White Mountains the brakeband would have to be tightened two or three times and the low gear and reverse bands at least once. Then when the bands burned out, as they always did after a few tightenings, it was a three-hour job in a garage to replace them.

Because of defective design, the emergency brake would never hold the car on a hill and all Ford drivers were experts at using the reverse pedal for a brake when both the foot brake and the hand brake simultaneously failed, as they often did on a long hill.

Another great source of trouble in the Model T was the timer, the rotor of which was always failing and this happened so often that even lady drivers had to know how to replace the timer.

The body of the Model T was constructed of the most shoddy materials. The insides of all four doors were lined with heavy cardboard painted black. Since the doors always stuck, the occupants would kick the doors on the inside to make them open with the result that the cardboard would be stove in before the car was a week old and would remain that way, getting gradually worse

INCHES ALBUM

Katherine Taylor and Edward Goodale, 1907.

until the car was traded in, which was usually no longer than a year from the time of purchase.

The seat cushions were also made of some kind of cheap canvas, with a shiny surface, which soon cracked and the top was hardly any better. However, both the top and the upholstery seemed to be of sterling quality when compared with the miserable side curtains which had to be laboriously installed by hand whenever it rained hard. These were fitted with isinglass windows which were always cracked after the first usage and soon the celluloid would either turn yellow, becoming opaque, or would disappear entirely, leaving gapeing holes.

The car was also wasteful of gasoline, seventeen miles to a gallon being considered very good, very hard riding, very noisy, and much underpowered. The maximum speed of a fully loaded touring car was never over forty miles an hour except down hill.

To the above list of defects must be added the cold weather troubles which affected these cars. When the oil in the planetary transmission became cold, it created a drag on the motor so that when the car started, if it did, it would tend to run forward and over the driver. The real experts on cold weather starting always used to jack up one rear wheel before cranking the car and at the same time release the emergency brake. This permitted the wheel to spin freely and the car could be started much more easily and without any danger of creeping forward.

Despite all the above listed defects and many more which I have skipped over, the Model T was indeed "The Universal Car". The reasons for this were first, that it was cheap, second, that repair parts were easily available anywhere and third, that the competitive cars in about the same price class were generally even worse than the Fords.

AYER-ROUSMANIERE-INCHES

"Your Aunt Elizabeth Ayer has offered to take you with us in her new car over to Boxford, this morning, to see the aviators training before they go to France" says my mother. "She's a very fast driver, but her brother has so many friends in the Boston police department that she is never arrested. Do you want to go?"

Do I want to ride in a Cadillac chummy roadster - and see aeroplanes - and especially with exciting Miss Ayer? It's 1917, I'm eleven, and no adventure ever looked more enticing. Yippee, Xantippee! Yes!

The top is down, the speedometer, which I can see from the "chummy" seat by looking between the ladies' shoulders, reads 45, and narrow, gravelly Linebrook Road goes reeling by like a movie taken from a roller coaster. The gravel in the road consists mainly of small round stones so that on each turn the rear wheels skid anywhere up to eighteen inches out of the track and stones are thrown with a thrashing noise into the bushes. Mother is holding onto the door with one hand and the seat back with the other, and I also am rigidly braced.

Linebrook and the subsequent roads are all no more than ten feet wide and are not only abundantly provided with blind curves but also with hillocks which double the degree of blindness. Every so often we meet another car or buggy - - -.

"Gracious!" says Aunt Elizabeth as she snakes onto the grass or into the gutter around the impediment and back onto the road again without ever slackening speed. "Who'd have thought he'd be there?" or "Really, he didn't seem to want to give me any room at all!"

HERE THE SCENE SHIFTS TO 41 MIDDLESEX ROAD, CHESTNUT HILL, MASS. October 15, 1958.

"Sidney, I have been looking through my album and there isn't a thing that would interest you at all" says Mrs. Henderson Inches opening the album, "No automobile except part of my brother Nat's old Packard, and a Cadillac of mine you're too young to remember."

"That's the same car you drove mother and me in in 1917 and scared us so badly."

"Why, I never did. You must be wrong. Where did I drive you to?"

"To see the airplanes training for World War I."

"Airplanes? I don't remember any airplanes. Where were they?"

"In Boxford."

"Oh! Boxford! Were you on that trip? Sure enough, I wanted to see Henny (my future husband). I spent the night with your father and mother and next morning drove over to Boxford where he was training. He had been a long time with Battery A. and was then helping train the 16th Field Artillery who were encamped at Boxford. But I still don't remember any airplanes!"

"My mother and I both do. Could it be that you dumped us to watch the airplanes while you went to call on the Lieutenant? An easy way to get rid of us temporarily?"

Mrs. Inches smiles, "After all, it could have been just like that!"

INCHES ALBUM

The Cadillac "Chummy Roadster" back of the Ayer house at 518 Beacon St., Boston, 1917.

Aunt Elizabeth was no more my real Aunt than Uncle Bill Robbins or Uncle Dell Barney were my real uncles. It was simply an informal and friendly method of address which had been adopted by our community.

And to be fair to Aunt Elizabeth, my mother reminded me at her 79th birthday party on October 26, 1958, that in the spring of 1917 the Shurtleffs had not yet acquired their first car and were probably very naive as to what constituted fast driving.

"I can't recall that either Elizabeth or Nat ever had an accident" she declared.

Dr. James F. Ayer and his family came to Ipswich first in the summers of 1907-8 and -9 when they rented the Jenkins house, the only photographs of which I have been able to find are in the Inches' album. The house was rented subsequently by several future Argilla Roaders, more particularly the Roger Warners, before it burned in 1916. The huge chimney stood for five or six years longer despite a sporadic campaign by Roger Warner Jr., Chandler Robbins and myself to get it to fall down. The big Balm-of-Gilead poplar tree at the left of the house in the photograph remained another fifteen or so years after the chimney finally did fall (disappointingly, but probably fortunately, in our absence).

INCHES ALBUM

The Jenkins house, 1907.

During the stay at the Jenkins house, Dr. Ayer bought from farmer George Smith a seventeenth century farmhouse (now the Lovell Thompson house) and a small part of his farm, including however, a large, relatively new barn and a hen house. When Dr. Ayer died, shortly after, this property was inherited by his daughter Mary who about 1907 had married New York businessman and lawyer Mr. John Rousmaniere, formerly a Bostonian.

Despite the great difficulty of commuting to New York, Mr. Rousmaniere loved Ipswich, and he and his wife, Mary, continued to spend the summers there until about 1922. During these years brother Nathaniel Ayer, as well as sister Elizabeth, were frequent visitors. Nat was a handsome bachelor, the Treasurer of a group of

INCHES ALBUM

Mr. & Mrs. Rousmaniere at the Harrington Circus, 1910. This picture is labeled "John the Orator".

five large textile mills in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Maine (Robert Vickery was his Assistant Treasurer for many years) and the owner of a succession of large racing yachts, the best known of which was the "Queen Mab", all of which were kept moored in Marblehead Harbor.

INCHES ALBUM

Rousmaniere house in 1908 before renovation.

INCHES ALBUM

Polly Rousmaniere on her first birthday.

The Rousmanieres had four children, Mary (Polly), 1911; Frances, 1915; John, 1917; and James, 1918. The first two of these were great friends of the Shurtleff and Robbins tribes. Jackie tragically drowned when about four years of age, and the family moved away when Jim was still so small we never got to know him. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rousmaniere were very kind, warm-hearted people whose departure, as well as that of their children, was a great loss to the Road.

During their stay in Ipswich the Rousmanieres did not deviate in the make of their family motors. These were a long succession of black Cadillac touring cars, which in good weather were usually driven with the top down. Whenever he had an excuse to move the car Edward, the chauffeur, used to drive the Cadillac around the small gravel circle (which remains unchanged today) in front of the house at exhibitionist speed with motor roaring in low gear, rear wheels spinning and gravel flying. This only happened, however, when the adult Rousmanieres were away. At one time on the same turnaround the Cadillac ran into little Jackie, breaking his leg, but I cannot recall whether the show-off chauffeur was driving at this time.

INCHES ALBUM

The four Rousmaniere children in 1918, Jacky, Frances, and Polly holding baby Jim.

INCHES ALBUM

Tennis at the Rousmanieres' in 1910. Mrs. Lord's house in background.

In the barn, near the tennis court which Mr. Rousmaniere had built about 1910, was kept an electric automobile, a Waverly Brougham, I believe. This looked like a horse-drawn brougham and was steered by a tiller, the passengers in the front seat facing backward. The heavy batteries which powered this car would not propell it for more than 25 miles without recharging, for which reason a special power line was brought to the barn and a transformer and bulky charging rack installed. It is my belief that this car was inherited from Dr. or Mrs. Ayer. At any rate it was used very little, and after a few years was disposed of.

Preceding the 1917 Cadillac, Miss Ayer's first car was a Chandler, which she remembers as probably being second-hand; at any rate she used it very little. The Cadillac "chummy" which she calls "my first really exciting car" lasted her through World War I without difficulty because both she and Lt. Inches were sent overseas - he with the 16th Field Artillery and she with the American Fund. Despite both being on the same side of the Atlantic they met only once overseas.

INCHES ALBUM

Folding steering wheel of the "Chummy".

My earliest memory of Nat Ayer's cars goes back to the age of five or six. I was walking homeward along the Road by the end of the Barneys' driveway when he overtook me in what was the nearest thing to a racing car I had ever seen - a 1910 Packard sport roadster with very large wheels, no windshield, and no top. Behind the driver's seat was a single bucket seat mounted on top of the tool box. It was black with cream-colored wheels, a brass radiator of typical Packard shape, brass lamps and steering column; and as I soon discerned and still vividly remember, the speedometer, which was mounted near my toes, also had a frame the outside of which had the same shape as the top of the radiator.

The reason the speedometer was near my toes was that to my great excitement Mr. Ayer had stopped and taken me aboard. Although going uphill, he accelerated so fast through the gears that to my great amazement and gratification we attained the terrific speed of 41 miles per hour by the time we reached the top of the hill at the end of the Goodale driveway. (This feat, when compared to what Mr. Grady's Ford

INCHES ALBUM

Mr. Rousmaniere with the author and sister Sarah, 1910.

would have done at its best on the same stretch, was probably the traumatic event which has kept me interested in cars for the last forty-five years). Once over the brow of the hill the speedometer continued to climb to 43, I recall, before he slowed down to enter his own driveway.

In 1920, with the War safely behind, Elizabeth Ayer and Henderson Inches were married, and for the next two or three years were frequent visitors to Ipswich where they stayed for months at a time in the former chauffeur's quarters, which had been built on the east side of the barn by Mr. Rousmaniere. Their car was a Lincoln seven-passenger touring which interested me intensely, not only because it was so large, but also

INCHES ALBUM

Nat Ayer's Packard, 1910. The occupants were college friends of Elizabeth Ayer.

INCHES ALBUM

Lt. Cmdr. Nathaniel Ayer, USNR (right) at Radio School, circa 1918.

INCHES ALBUM

Elizabeth Ayer and Henderson Inches at Cohasset, 1917.

because Lincoln was a brand new name in the automotive world at that time and this was one of the first Lincolns ever manufactured.

Henderson Inches, a very friendly, genial man, was keenly interested in duck hunting but did not possess a boat, blind or decoys. Since I had all of these and, although only fifteen, had been an independent gunner for three years, it was natural that we should form a close friendship despite the disparity in our ages. At least a dozen times I took Mr. Inches duck-hunting. He was always ready at the appointed pre-dawn hour when I walked down to his house and would drive me in the Lincoln to the Townsend landing. We used a canoe for transportation, and when the weather was cold Mr. Inches wore his raccoon coat, fur hat, and rubber boots. To see him thus attired in the stern of a small canoe was an amazing sight. Had we overturned in deep water, it is doubtful whether he would have made the shore.

Also when I was fifteen, in June 1921, I was rescured from serious trouble by Polly Rousmaniere. Having found a large rodent hole in a field off Northgate Road I concluded that it must be a fox hole and decided to catch the fox by setting a steel trap in the hole. About nine on the Saturday morning before I was to take the College Board examinations for Harvard I left my bicycle in the grass at the edge of Northgate Road and walked about 100 yards into the field to the fox hole. Something covered with fur, and barely visible down the hole, was caught in the trap. It sounds silly to say so but I actually leaped into the air with excitement at having caught a fox - and when I came down from the leap on one foot on a grass hummock - broke my leg!

INCHES ALBUM

Henderson Inches, 1917.

The pain in my left knee where the break occurred was excruciating and I was soon in a state of shock, in which condition I remained for about two hours without anyone coming to help me. Then, realizing I must help myself, I dragged myself in a sitting position, backward, with my bad leg trailing behind, to the stone wall at the edge of Northgate Road. This exhausted all my strength so that, try as I might, I could not get over the wall nor could I muster energy to shout when cars went by.

About this time Polly arrived at the far end of the same field with a basket to gather strawberries, but did not see me in the grass by the wall. It seemed as though she would never come nearer. In the meantime, various friends such as Mrs. Langdon Warner and Dan McLeod drove by and seeing me behind the wall with my bicycle close by waved cheerfully and swept past on the assumption all was well. I couldn't hail either them or Polly because I was too weak to more than whisper.

At long last Polly picked her way to within range of my faint calls. As soon as she found what had happened she ran, not walked, all the way to my house, more than a mile. Mother was not at home, so she ran on to the Robbins house. Here Mrs. Robbins was alerted, but could not herself crank her car, which had no self-starter, so Charlie Howes, the colored choreman, had to be sent for at my house. Finally Mrs. Robbins, Polly and Charlie all arrived in the Robbins Ford and hoisted me aboard. Dr. Osgood was called back early from Boston where he had been working even on a Saturday, and soon I was more comfortable in a plaster cast.

That night Chandler went down to shoot the fox in the trap. It turned out to be only a woodchuck - which he skinned and later gave me the tanned skin as a present. The College Board exams had to be postponed until fall - and to Polly for her indefatigable running, I am still grateful.

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

Charlie Howes and his dog "Micky", 1920.

ROBBINS

It is 1911. Chandler is five, and I am half a year older.

All afternoon we have been waiting for my father to come home so that we can demonstrate our newly acquired skill.

Underneath the multiple-celled bird house, made by my father out of a wagon wheel placed horizontally on a tall post, is a fence about three feet high and in back of the fence, partly held up by the bird-house post, is a little roof under which our wheelbarrow can be stored to keep it out of the rain.

Today we have discovered that it is possible to stand on this roof and jump up over the top of the fence and down the three feet onto the lawn beyond. With a little practice we are now even able to land on the lawn without falling over from the force of the impact.

After an endless wait, father at last can be observed, socks pulled up over his trouser legs and held with metal clips, as he pushes his bicycle up the hill.

"We've got a surprise for you!" we chant in unison. "Come quick, out by the bird house!"

"What now?" says my father in a conspiratorial tone which pleases us immensely.

"Look", I exclaim, climbing up on the roof, from whence I jump to a perfect landing.

"Well I swan!" says my father with great pride.

This excites Chandler. "I can do it too" he says. "Watch me!"

He climbs up on the roof and jumps. In his excitement one foot catches inside the top of the fence . . . and he lands very hard, flat on his face on the lawn, three feet below.

Chandler quickly picks himself up, breathing hard, his face rapidly turning bright red, and a very slight tremor observable on his lower lip. He looks squarely at my father.

"I MEANT TO DO IT!" asserts Chandler, entirely unwilling to let anyone else think he has made a mistake. Then suddenly realizing he cannot fight back oncoming tears he turns abruptly and races for home as fast as his legs will carry him.

We watch him streaking up the Robbins garden path and almost safely to the door, but about twenty feet short of his goal his pain and chagrin overcome him; we all hear an agonized wail, which with rising crescendo, follows him into the house and into his mother's arms.

ROBBINS ALBUM

1914 visit to the Dicksons in Wayland by their cousins the Robbinses. Mary Dickson, Anne Robbins, Sally Robbins (in front), Mrs. Dickson, Teddy Dickson (behind wheel), Anna Dickson, John G. ("Laddie") Green, Chandler Robbins and Brenton H. Dickson, IIIrd. Brent Dickson identifies the car as a Peerless.

In 1907 Dr. William Bradford Robbins and my father, a close friend, jointly bought a small drumlin and a field on the south side of Argilla Road. This drumlin was known by the farmers of the neighborhood as "Skim Milk Hill" because the soil was so poor that the cows pastured there gave only skim-milk. The division of this property into two house sites presented somewhat of a problem because one side of the hill had an ocean view and the other, although possessing an excellent outlook over the marshes and Castle Neck River, did not have a view of the ocean.

Subdivision, however, is one of the professional tasks of the landscape architect, so my father, after measuring the land very carefully and weighing the merits of both sites, drew up a subdivision plan for two lots which had as near equal merit as he could devise. A penny was then tossed to determine who got which lot, and Dr. Robbins drew the ocean view. During his entire subsequent life, my father would never state, or even hint, as to whether or not he got the site he really wanted.

The Robbins employed as their architect, Robert P. Bellows, a life-long friend of theirs and of my father's. He designed a very much modified Swiss Chalet which was built in 1909 and remains today almost exactly the same as the day it was completed. Here, next door to the Shurtleffs, who built in 1908, the Robbinses raised six children, making the final score for the hilltop exactly one dozen. The Robbins children were Sarah "Sally", (now Mrs. James H. Smith), 1905; Chandler, IInd, 1906; Anne, (now Mrs. Hiram Sibley), 1910; Henry, 1913; Celina, (now Mrs. Edmund Kellogg), 1916; and Peter, 1925.

At the same time the house was built a pump house and a garage, both also in Swiss Chalet style, were built at the bottom of the hill - so far away that the garage eventually fell into disuse. The pump house, however, was for years the scene of intense activity. Whereas the Shurtleffs had their windmill to worry about, the Robbins household life was geared to an almost antediluvian one-cylinder gasoline engine on which they were totally dependent for their water supply. The

ROBBINS ALBUM

Dr. Robbins, Henry, Annie and little Peter, 1926.

ROBBINS ALBUM

Dr. and Mrs Robbins about 1940 with some of their grandchildren; Hiram Sibley Jr. (top right) and (l. to r.) Hanson Robbins, Nancy Sibley, Teddy Robbins, Mary Louise Sibley, and Adam, the dog.

engine had to be hand-cranked and when the enornous flywheel finally got to revolving at its slow normal speed the noise of its firings, mis-firings, slowing downs, wheezings and speeding-up-agains had all the attention-seizing variations of a heavy snorer in the next Pullman berth. The miniature Chalet which housed this engine also used to vibrate as the flywheel revolved much in the same manner as George Patterson's machine shop and interesting puffs of smoke shot out of the exhaust pipe which projected through the side of the Chalet.

The water pump engine was far from reliable and the number of hours spent first by Dr. Robbins, then by mechanics, then by Charley Howes and finally by Chandler in keeping it going totaled not far less than the Shurtleffs spent furling and unfurling the sails of their windmill, and turning it into the wind, or revolving the sails by hand for hours at a time when there was no wind.

Dr. Robbins was the first to be born of twins and hence was always known to his intimate friends as "Oney". The later twin, Thomas, was, of course, called "Twoey". Dr. Robbins' wife and expert flower gardener, the former Marian Bennett, was called "Manie". We children always called them "Uncle Bill" and "Aunt Manie", which is my method of addressing her today.

As a physician Bill Robbins was endearingly regarded by a really gigantic group of friends who almost all, at one time or another, had been patients at his Marlborough Street office in Boston where he engaged in the general practice of medicine. His patients, however, if they got to know him well, realized that even more than a general practitioner he was a psychiatrist. His bedside manner was so soothing, stimulating and productive of cheerfulness that his presence was in continuous demand. Sometimes the demand became so overpowering that, in order to get any peace at all he had to "be taking a bath" for hours in succession.

The Robbins transportation, once the livery stable and the bicycle had been eclipsed, was always by Fords. At first they used to get along with one, but since a doctor must always be ready to dash to the bedside, the number was soon increased to two. The first one I can remember was a hand-cranked, brass-radiatored 1915 touring car of the lights-running-off-the-magneto type. It was in this car that "Aunt Manie" taught

ALL PHOTOS FROM ROBBINS ALBUM

The twin Robbins "flivvers," 1925.

my mother to handle a planetary transmission (you will recall that she had already driven the Harrington Pierce Arrow, but only once) while I sat in the back seat with thrills of alternating horror and anticipation running up and down my spine.

About 1916 Uncle Bill had an adventure in this car which he used to recount for years later. He had been asked by "Aunt Manie" to take some flowers, in the Robbins' famous alligator pail, to a "do" at Mrs. Barnard's where some of the children were later to put on a performance directed by Mrs. Langdon Warner. As he drove down the hill beyond Argilla Farm he looked around for an instant to see if the vase of flowers was still safe. Within the twinkling of an eye the car had "turned-turtle" and he was pinned underneath it, unharmed, but a prisoner, with the overturned car above him blocking the Road. After a very long wait, the first passer-by was a farmer driving a haycart.

"Is there anybody under thar?" said the farmer.

ABOVE:

Anne Robbins in 1926. Blur at right is Castle Hill.

LEFT:

Celina Robbins - 1925.

S.N.S. PHOTO

"Fire's out!" Gasoline and oil fire in motor of Robbins 1918 Ford has just been put out by throwing sand on it. My mother faces camera. Brent Dickson leans over motor and Katy Brown, Dr. Robbins' old nurse, stands at right. Spot, the dog relishes the excitement as does my brother Bill, hastily pushing bike up Robbins' driveway.

ROBBINS ALBUM

Engaged! Sally Robbins and Minton Warren in the Wills St. Claire, 1926.

"Yes", said Uncle Bill.

"Well, are you daid?" asked the farmer!

"No, I'm not. Get this car off me!"

The farmer summoned help; the car was righted and soon was found to be in running condition despite a mangled top. The Doctor drove it home, and Anne, who was to perform at the Barnard's, got there somewhat late. The filling spout on top of the radiator had been pushed down about an inch into the top of the dented brass radiator and remained in this unsightly position for another two years until the car was finally traded in on a newer one (without brass on the radiator).

Over a long period the younger Robbinses were enthusiastic mountain climbers and leadership for these expeditions was frequently provided by "Aunt Manie". She organized a group known as the "Monadnock Mud-Chasers" which used to make expeditions not only to Monadnock but also to the White Mountains. Sometimes as many as thirty people would follow "Aunt Manie" up winding trails. Chocorua was one of their favorite White Mountain peaks.

For boats, the Robbinses began with a huge sailing dory equipped not only with a centerboard and mast but also with six oars; the latter were extremely useful when the wind dropped on an outgoing tide at the end of the afternoon.

ROBBINS ALBUM

Map in hand, Mrs. Robbins starts off on a climb in the White Mountains.

ROBBINS ALBUM

Start of a Robbins camping trip in 1926. Celina, Mrs. Robbins, Henry, Charlie Howes and Peter.

ROBBINS ALBUM

Peter Robbins and 1928? Buick.

For his big dory Dr. Robbins purchased one of the earliest outboard motors ever built. It was called a "Porto-Motor" but its weight was so great and its design so crude that the "Porto" part of the name was a misnomer. This motor, which was of earlier manufacture than the early Johnson motor still owned by Robert Vickery, was practically impossible to make run. When it was new, Uncle Bill got it running once or twice but it never went more than a few minutes, so after repeated trials he stored it in the back of his workshop.

About 1917 or '18 Chandler found the old "Porto-Motor" under some debris in the shed and he and I embarked on a campaign to get it running again. We took it all apart, removed all rust and corrosion and reassembled it, all of which took the better part of three weeks. Then we pulled the knob on the top of the flywheel and the motor started! After running about thirty seconds it stopped and nothing we could ever do again had the faintest results so the "Porto-Motor" was passed along to a younger generation whom I can recall also labored on it.

The Robbinses also acquired several more sailboats, most of which were far more efficient than the original dory, with the result that all the junior Robbinses became expert sailors. Chandler was the only Robbins, however, who took an interest in power boats. At one time he helped me put together a model T Ford-powered speed boat, of which we were co-owners.

ROBBINS ALBUM

Chandler Robbins (in car) and Jack Shurcliff in the early 1930's.

SHURTLEFF

It's the winter of 1916-17 and mother, and I (who have just turned eleven), have ventured, with some trepidation on her part and wild enthusiasm on mine, to the Boston Automobile Show at Mechanics Hall. At the marvelous vehicles to be seen there, such as the first "Twin Six" Packards, I am almost delirious with excitement and envy. "When are we ever going to get a car mother?" is my oft-repeated query.

"You know perfectly well Father doesn't like cars," my mother rejoins for the "nth" time.

"But still" she adds "we need one very much, and everyone else on Argilla Road . . . even Gretchen Rogers . . . now has one, Father is so difficult. Just as if that motorcycle of his was any help to the rest of the family!"

"Couldn't we even have a Ford?"

"Father made me promise that if you and I went to the Auto Show I wouldn't order a car."

"Oh! I just wish father would get up to date" says the eleven-year-old.

"Look over there!" says my mother in a changed tone. "Now there is a body that would hold the entire family, and Mary Cooke, and all the luggage too!"

Sure enough, sitting inelegantly on the floor, without any chassis under it, is the first station-wagon body either of us have ever seen. It consists in general of a regular groceryman's delivery body for a small chassis, but there are two great differences. First, it has not one but three transverse seats, and second, instead of being painted a funereal black it is of yellowish natural wood, brightly varnished, and the rolled-up side-curtains are brown instead of black. It's general appearance is both stylish and utilitarian. To my mother who, when women students at M.I.T. are almost unheard of, has earned a degree in sloyd there, anything well fashioned from wood is naturally enticing.

"We might as well find out how much it costs" says my mother, and walks directly up to a salesman-looking type who is standing under a large sign reading "Martin Parry Corporation, Manufacturers of Commercial Bodies".

The price of this entrancing body, complete with dashboard (but not windshield) top, sidecurtains, three cushioned seats, and a tailboard is $160.00 f.o.b. the factory (some place in Pennsylvania).

"Well" says my mother after about fifteen minutes, and with an almost tearful attempt at a smile "I didn't promise Father I wouldn't buy a body. So I think I will just sign that order. And where shall we have it delivered, Sidney?"

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

The "Jolly Boat" in 1913. S.P.S., J.P.S. (top of head), S.N.S., W.A.S., M.H.S. Robbins house is at left and Shurtleff house in center.

The impact of my mother's momentous decision on my family will be recounted at the proper chronological moment; an earlier start is needed for a proper explanation.

As previously noted, my father was always a great bicycle-lover. However, as has not been earlier discussed, my father hated automobiles. It was worse than hate - or even loathing - it amounted to traumatic behavior. He not only utterly detested automobiles but had, until he became an old man, a morbid fear of them. He also had a totally unreasonable detestation for electric water pumps. On the other hand, it cannot be said he was opposed to all things mechanical, for his greatest relaxation was to ride on fast trains, and his own proudest inventions were the mechanization of his windmill (no electric pumps wanted) and the construction, in Boston, of his own fool-proof dumbwaiter.

The advent of my family to "Skim Milk Hill" already has been described. However, the house my father built in 1908, and which the rest of us had to put up with, deserves some mention. The two good things about it, aside from the fact the roof didn't leak, were first, it was on a superb location, and second, it cost only $1,000. complete. (Connolly Bros. of Beverly Farms were the contractors). The word "complete", however, had rather different connotations then than today. For instance, not only was lighting by candles and kerosene lamps (not included in the building cost) but the heating of hot water was accomplished (if that is the right word) by lighting an ordinary kerosene lamp under a 50 gallon oil drum of water. After about four hours of this type of heat application a lukewarm bath about 3" deep could finally be obtained. However this luxury only occurred in the front of the tub, because my father had the back of that reservoir propped up on wooden "high heels" so that he who took the bath had only a little puddle of water in the front; this, of course, saved some of the remaining tepid water for those who might come before the next four hours were up.

The above remarks, and many more similar ones I could make, might be regarded as ungrateful unless I explain that this type of improvisation was the one thing in the world, beyond his love of wife and children, which my father adored. Except for bicycles, he avoided spending a nickel on anything machine-made if he could dream up any way to improvise a substitute; yet for education he did not hesitate to send all six children to private school and private college.

This brings us to the subject of transportation for the Shurtleffs. As the reader already

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

J.P.S., S.P.S. and my mother pushing wheelbarrow cart invented by my father, 1913.

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

W.A.S., E.H.S. and A^2S oiling the basket cart, 1913.

knows, the livery stable and bicycles came first. But tiny children cannot ride bicycles so, toward off the approaching automobile, my father began a series of inventions many of which are depicted herewith and therefore need little description. First came a little, one-wheel personnel carrier for me - a narrow wheelbarrow with the front wheel made out of an old, hard-rubber-tired, wooden-spoked, bicycle wheel. When sister Sarah came along, a tiny second seat was cantilevered out front for her. This, of course, except on very rough ground, was inferior to the conventional single or double baby-carriage but it had the merit of being different.

Next came the basket-cart, based, I now realize, on a famous illustration in the original "Swiss Family Robinson" and this was truly a stable and practical vehicle for slow speed travel. The bicycle trailer, also herewith depicted, looks impressive but because of lateral instability, was almost a total failure.

Next came the "Jolly-Boat" whose design was a combination of my father's love for bicycles and kayaks and his recently thwarted interest in gliders. Like the glider, it had the perfectly obvious and foreseeable defect of being too heavy, especially when three children were in it and the Crockett Hill had to be negotiated. In such matters, my father, who as a bachelor had scraped all the paint off his bicycle to save an estimated two ounces of weight, showed himself unable to overcome wishful thinking.

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

A^2S and W.A.S., and E.H.S. on the bicycle trailer, 1913. Harrington house at right and Jenkins barn at left.

OSGOOD ALBUM

The "Jolly Boat" near Fox Creek bridge in 1915. E.H.S., J.P.S., S.P.S. and A.S. Dr. Crockett's newly planted apple orchard and windmill in background.

After the "Jolly Boat" had received all the publicity it was ever, until today, going to get my father again ducked the main issue. Despite the fact that he now had not only a wife and five children to be transported on the Road, but also a nurse and two maids, he announced his decision to buy a single-passenger motorcycle! His adoration for the cycle type vehicle could thus be reconciled with the necessity of admitting the need for power of some kind. The amount of power thus acquired, however, was minimum. The motorcycle was a 1914 Pope-Hartford one-cylinder model with friction drive, and the power was only a little more than that of the Smith Motor Wheel which George Patterson installed in his sneakboat.

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

A^2S and S.P.S. on the Pope-Hartford motorcycle, 1914.

The starting and operating procedure for the Pope-Hartford is worth recording. (In case the reader has any doubt, this can be checked, for this motorcycle is still in our family and in running condition; the only vehicle, unfortunately, described in this publication which is still known to exist). To start the motor, it was first jacked up on its stand, with its rear wheel free of the ground. Next, a spark plug was removed with a wrench and into the cavity thus opened a squirt

of gasoline was directed from a small pump built into the gasoline tank filler cap. After replacing the spark plug, the pedals were vigorously churned with the friction drive engaged in "high". When the motor started, it was warmed up about a minute with the rear wheel revolving. Then the friction drive was placed half way (not all the way) in neutral, the motorcycle was pushed off its stand with the wheel still revolving, and the driver ran along beside it pushing with all his might, (and at the same time trying to fold up the stand with one heel) until it gained sufficient speed to proceed without stalling, at which time the puffing operator, like the brakeman on a steam train, at the last possible moment pulled himself aboard.

When hills were encountered, as the cycle slowed down because of lack of power the operator would pedal with all his might to keep her going, and finally when this was no longer effectual, would jump off and operate her by leaning over both handlebars, pushing hard, and running or walking alongside. It was in this latter situation that my father used to appear, at the top of our hill, on his return home each evening.

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

Here am I in 1915 on my first bicycle, a girl's model, with sister Elizabeth. Robbins' house in background and, behind my head, birdhouse my father built around a wagon wheel.

The arrival of the Martin Parry station wagon body in Ipswich was of great concern to Mr. Ernest W. Currier of Currier Motors. Despite the fact that the purchase of bodies separate from chassis was not unusual in those days, the difficulty of dealing with a motor-hating bicycle lover whose wife had made an unauthorized purchase nearly gave Mr. Currier ulcers. The number of inane questions asked by my father, while Mr. Grady's taxi, operated by "Fatty" Manthorne, waited outside Currier Motors was fortunately for Mr. Currier only limited by my father's desire not to be charged by Mr. Grady for "waiting time". And to avoid wasting the reader's time I will only submit the following chronology, which I followed at the time with breathless interest.

March 1917	- Mr. Currier took delivery of a Model T Ford touring car (late 1916 model) for the Shurtleff account.
April	- Touring car body removed and sold to someone else.
May	- Martin Parry body arrives via express. All Shurtleffs at unveiling.
Early June	- Martin Parry body in place on chassis, but no rear mudguards and no windshield available.
Mid-June	- My father has all wheels and and tires removed and replaced with natural wood wheels and demountable rims.
Late June	- Windshield and rear mudguards ordered long ago by Mr. Currier arrive, and are at last installed.
July 1	- The Shurtleffs have a car!

Life with the new car, if far from smooth, was also far from dull. My father had three theories about automobiles all of which he immediately put into effect. They were as follows:

#1 (Regarding the amount of oil to be placed in the crankcase) "If a little is good, more is better." The application of this principle meant that although the instruction book said to keep the oil-level midway between the two petcocks in the bottom of the crankcase, my father would pour in oil till it ran out of the top petcock, then close the petcock and add one quart more!

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

At long last, the Shurtleffs' first car; June 1917. My mother is at wheel and nurse Mary Cooke behind her. Children are Jack, myself, Elizabeth, Alice and Bill.

In the human, the application of the same principle with regard to alcohol taken internally has been proven to be disastrous. My father proved it in relation to the automobile engine! The extra oil was forced into the cylinder heads and fouled the spark plugs so badly that they had to be taken out and cleaned every day and replaced entirely every two hundred miles. And carbon, of course, rapidly formed in the cylinder heads making it very hard to start the car. Pretty soon Charlesie Townsend had to be summoned to remove the cylinder head and clean out the carbon, which he was glad to do for $3.00.

#2 (Regarding the air pressure in the tires) "If a little is good, more is better."

The tires were accordingly inflated to 65 or 70 lbs. pressure although the directions were for 50 lbs. The result was a harder ride than Dr. Townsend's 1908 Cadillac with the Hartman tires!

#3 "If you crank the car with your left hand, no matter how it kicks it can't break your arm or wrist."

When my father applied this principle he couldn't make the car start. This was because the magneto did not give enough current for a good spark unless the crank was "spun". And it is virtually impossible to spin with the left hand a motor designed to be turned clockwise!

After a few weeks my father relaxed on the first two principles, but on the third he remained adamant, despite our having to abandon the car several times when it wouldn't run. His fertile brain was full of ideas about how to start the car without breaking his arm and suddenly he hit on one which he immediately put into effect. He called this invention "THE SELF AND FAMILY STARTER".

The name was most descriptive. The invention involved sawing off the handle of the crank

of the car and then welding onto the remainder of it a wire wheel from a baby carriage. The rubber tire was removed from this wheel and about twenty feet of clothes line substituted for the tire. After being pulled out to its full length the line was automatically wound back onto the wheel by a coil spring contrived by my father.

To operate the "self and family starter" my father, standing in front of the car, would engage the remains of the crank with its attached wheel in the regular crank socket. Then mother and two or three children would take positions along the rope as if a team in a game of tug-of-war. At a signal from my father the team would run vigorously away at right angles to the car, thus spinning the wheel and the motor, while he operated the hand choke to the left of the crank. After three or four such wild dashes, and the careful re-coiling of the rope after each dash, the motor was usually made to start. It was the same principle used today on outboard motors, but on a much larger scale.

The "self and family starter" lasted only about ten days. Its defects were many, the principal ones being that a large labor force was required, and that the labor force was endangered every time it went into action because in order to spin the wheel the team had to run directly across the road blocking all traffic in both directions.

When my father finally gave up in despair the car was left standing under my guardianship on the causeway near Argilla Farm while help was summoned by telephone from Mr. Currier. After a long wait, tall, thin Jim Gaudet, Mr. Currier's chief mechanic, arrived alone on foot. There being no team to pull on the wire, Jim tried to crank the motor by pulling on the individual spokes of the wire wheel. These cut into his flesh terribly, causing him to issue a few pithy comments which my father would not have enjoyed hearing and which greatly enlarged my vocabulary. However Jim persevered and finally started the motor without losing a finger (but had it "kicked" while he had his hand entangled with that wheel I hate to think what would have happened.)

Jim Gaudet drove me in our car to Currier's, where he beamingly removed the crank and wheel device from the car and threw it out the window into the Ipswich River. Then he replaced it with a crank identical with the original one.

After this, since I was strong enough to spin the crank and did not have my father's qualms, I became the self-starter. For the next three years I went everywhere the car went so that mother wouldn't have to crank it.

As for my father, he not only gave up cranking, but also gave up driving. It had turned out that in any sudden emergency he would freeze at the controls and in a single day he had three minor accidents this way. First he backed over a ledge because he couldn't stop pushing on the reverse pedal. Five minutes later he knocked over a gate post because he couldn't stop pushing on the low gear pedal. And the same afternoon he met another car head-on in a narrow driveway. Luckily it was the brake he could not stop pushing on this time, so the car shuddered to a stop with only a moderate nuzzle into the on-coming stranger. This last event was in Annisquam, and somehow he got the car safely home from there, but that was the end of his driving.

The 1916 Ford station wagon served my family until 1922, when I got my first license to drive. Then I bought the chassis from my father to convert into a racer, as will be described later. By this time, the original Martin Parry body was in pretty rickety condition but my father would not dream of selling it. Instead he bought a new chassis with a self-starter from the Ipswich Motor Co. (now transferred by Mr. Currier to the Porter brothers) and on this he had the old body mounted. This combination remained the family car for another six years. It was finally traded in on our first Model A in 1928. In the meantime a second Model T, a 1925 touring car for my mother, was added to our list.

A description of Shurtleff boats need not be long because my father did not care for the ocean and would never have anything to do with craft large enough for the open sea. Canoes, and especially kayaks, were his only love in water-craft, for after the "Walloping Window Blind" disap-

PHOTO BY A^2S.

The Shurtleffs' first canoe, the Old Town, about 1921. Sarah in bow, myself, Bill, Elizabeth and mother.

pointed him he never took any further interest in sail boats (except for a tiny sail he fashioned for one of his kayaks). He bought a family-size Old Town Canoe about 1915, and this together with a whole series of homemade kayaks were our flotilla for many years until I was old enough to have my own motor boat. My brothers Bill and Jack also shared the enthusiasm for kayaks and frequently the two of them, with my father's help, would build a couple of new ones during the winter. My sisters too, were and are enthusiastic canoeists, and Alice has long been a keen sailboat racer on her own.

One story about the Old Town Canoe is worth recording. During the onset of a northeaster, in November of 1921, my classmate at Noble's, Henry I. Hewitt, and I took the canoe on a gunning expedition to the inner beach. As the tide was incoming, we pulled the canoe up on the beach, hid it with branches and straw, and sat in it. While we waited the wind rose to nearly full gale force.

Before very long a merganser flew by, down wind, at terrific speed. It was a long, difficult shot, but Henry dropped the bird, which landed dead in the water and started drifting rapidly upstream, propelled by both tide and wind. Henry and I jumped out of the canoe and ran along the shore opposite the merganser, waiting for him to blow ashore, which finally occurred about a quarter mile from the canoe. Just at this moment there was a terrific gust of wind and we were horrified to see our canoe rise into the air and start coming toward us. It was being carried broadside to the wind and slowly revolved in the air, gradually spewing out our lunch baskets, cartridge boxes, thermos bottles, the paddles and all our other gear. About every hundred feet it would crash down onto the sand and then bounce, perhaps thirty feet into the air where it would poise for a few moments like a bird and then overturn and crash once more.

The revolving canoe went past us, high above our heads, crashed twice more and then bounced right over the Vendome dune and out of sight into a cranberry bog. Here we soon found the wreck, which we abandoned because the sides were all stove in, and after dolefully picking up our scattered possessions, and the merganser, walked five miles home.

My father was furious at the bad news about the canoe and sent us back with mother as chauffeur and Charley Howes for a labor force, to bring home the wreck. When this was accomplished my father had the remains put in his workshop and by diligent surgery and face-lifting had her all repaired within six weeks. It was most skillfully done, and the repaired canoe lasted for many more years.

One of Mr. Higinbotham's most interesting pictures; location unknown. In the center is the Crane 1909 or '10 Renault with grandfather Higinbotham at right in rear seat, and at the left a 1910 Packard seven-passenger touring car. To the right of the Crane car may be barely discerned an equestrian. Presumably the passing cars frightened one of the equestrians with dire results; the cars have stopped and all the passengers are looking back to see what has happened.

"Take us down town, McRobbie" says Cornelius. "Sid and I are going to settle a bet."

We climb into the rear of the Cadillac, pungent with the smell of leather, and "Mac," dressed in an entirely black uniform complete with highly polished puttees, respectfully closes the door behind us before mounting the driver's seat. We glide off down the hill from the Crane Cottage where we have just had an ample luncheon. It is 1920 and we are both fourteen.

Soon we reach "Helen's" where our bet is to be settled. McRobbie waits outside in the car.

"We're having a contest to see who can eat the most banana splits" announces Cornelius to Mr. Oscar Davis, the proprietor. "The loser pays all expenses, and a dollar to the winner."

"Fine, Mr. Crane" says Mr. Davis and then adds dryly "Your credit is good here!"

Davis peels and splits two bananas which he places lengthwise in a long dish, next he deposits two large scoops of ice cream at each end of the parenthesis thus formed and finally fills the gap with whipped cream surmounted by nuts, and three kinds of syrup.

As the first banana split goes rapidly down I carefully survey my opponent who, although of commendable spirit, weighs only 90 pounds compared to my about 135. In about ten minutes we each finish, and a second is ordered.

Whereas it seemed that Mr. Davis was awfully slow in making the first round, the second one is prepared in what appears to us undue haste. The rate of consumption is now much more sedate, reguiring about twenty minutes, and McRobbie comes in to see what has been delaying us. He stays to watch the fun but does not join Davis in making wise-cracks such as how generous he will be with the next helping.

When the third round has been placed before us it is clear that I have only to finish it to win, for Cornelius dabbles with only a few spoonfuls. Almost exactly at four o'clock I am declared the victor.

Cornelius, who never has any money in his pocket, borrows a dollar from McRobbie to pay me and charges to Davis the six banana splits - $1.20.

Once out of the built-up section, McRobbie lets me drive the Cadillac. It's my first opportunity at the wheel of anything larger than a Ford, and the thrill of this special concession is exciting beyond description..... .

Yes, those were the halcyon days when small things took on great importance, and life, outside of schooling, was full of zest. The formation of a friendship with Cornelius was more than a small thing for me, however, for in 1928 he invited me and some other friends to join the Crane Expedition to the South Seas on his brigantine, "Illyria". The adventures of that year-long cruise are no part of this history, except to record that my participation on the Expedition sprang from long association, on the Road, with Cornelius.

VICKERY ALBUM

Castle Hill as photographed by Edward Vickery from his carriage in March 1911. The Villa was new that year.

Little though it may have been realized at the time, the arrival of the Richard Teller Crane Jrs. in Ipswich was an event of the utmost importance to the future of the town. Without Mr. Crane's penchant for buying up the landscape in wholesale chunks the Trustees of Public Reservations would not today control all the best part of the beach and sand-dunes and most of Castle Hill, nor would beautiful Choate (or Hog) Island in Essex be anything more than another colony of summer shacks. As the years go by, the tremendous amount of good wrought by the Cranes, partly with intent and partly unwittingly, will ever be more appreciated. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Mr. Crane, a Chicagoan, was head of the Crane Plumbing Company from before his arrival in Ipswich in 1910 until his death in late 1931. For several years prior to 1910 he had been looking for a site for an extensive summer home, and when he learned the John Burnham Brown estate was for sale he inspected it one day and bought it the next. To this he added by further purchases so that by 1918 he owned approximately 3,500 acres, of which about a third was marshland, sand dunes and beach, and the remainder included not only Castle Hill and Steep Hill but also Choate Island, Woodbury's landing, Wigwam Hill, Caverly Hill and a farm west of the latter so large that he was able to, and did, build a private golf club there. (The Club bore the name of the adjoining creek: "Labor-in-Vain"). As soon as land was acquired Mr. Crane caused to be razed all shack-type structures which had been built there. These included three or four camps on the outer beach, at least a dozen on the inner beach (including the famous Vendome) and about sixteen summer homes on Choate Island. Structures of any real value such as the old Choate house and barn on Choate Island and the farm at Labor-in-Vain he carefully preserved.

HARRINGTON ALBUM

Mr. Crane genially bangs the drum at the 1913 Harrington Circus.

Immediately after his first land purchase Mr. Crane and his wife, the former Florence Higinbotham, had Boston architects Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge design an Italian Villa which was rapidly built on top of Castle Hill. Olmsted Bros., landscape architects, constructed nearby at about the same time the Italian Garden, the peripheral walls of which remain today. Then my father became landscape architect for the Cranes and constructed the present approach drive, the Mall, Maze, Rose Garden, Vegetable Gardens and most of the other landscape features which remain today.

The fairly large house part way up Castle Hill which had been Mr. Brown's home was retained by the Cranes and despite its size was renamed "The Cottage". Here Mrs. Crane's father, Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham and his son Harlow D. and wife spent several summers with the two grandchildren Florence and Harlow Jr. Mr. Harlow D. Higinbotham was not only an early automobile enthusiast who owned one of the first cars in Illinois (he had a license plate number under 500) but was also an ardent amateur cameraman. To him, through his son Harlow, we are indebted for nearly all the photographs of the early days and motor cars of Castle Hill.

The Crane children were Cornelius, who, as already noted, was my age, and Florence, a little younger (now Princess Serge Belosselsky). For many years they were almost constantly under the eye of Catherine Mulvey whose name we never learned in those days because she was always called by all Cranes and Higinbothams, "N-U-R-S-E". This was pronounced in a slow Chicago drawl with a lowering inflection at the end. The Higinbothams also had a fairly constant companion in their nurse Maggie Ohl. Frequent visitors to Castle Hill were another pair of cousins, Elinor and Alicia Patterson, the daughters of publisher Joseph Medill Patterson.

S.N.S. PHOTO

Cornelius visits the Shurtleffs the same summer as the banana-split party.

H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

The great Mall at Castle Hill, designed by my father, as it appeared about 1928.

H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

Grandfather Higinbotham and his tame duck.

For transportation, as in most other matters, the Cranes did nothing by halves. When they arrived from Chicago for the summer the entourage came as a group in the Crane private car, the "Nituna". Sometimes, I recall, Mrs. Crane complained about the length of time required to switch the "Nituna" from the South to the North Station in Boston. The car, except for occasional business use by Mr. Crane, remained on the siding at the Ipswich station all summer.

For motor transportation during their early motoring days in Chicago and their first years in Ipswich the Cranes used huge Renaults, imported from France. About 1912 they shifted to a Packard "Carryall" and two Stevens Duryeas, all three of which were resplendent with brass. Of the latter, one was a maroon-colored seven-passenger touring car with tan top which was primarily Mrs. Crane's car, and the other a roadster for Mr. Crane's personal use. Photographs of these two cars do not exist, but luckily Harlow Higinbotham Jr. has been able to find a single picture showing the Packard "Carryall," fully loaded, ready to leave the front door of the main house, probably for the beach. This negative is so sharp that I have been able to have the car and its passengers enlarged to good effect.

The Packard, which was a right-hand drive model, had seats running fore and aft at the back with steps up the middle of the stern, and as can be seen in the photograph, the rear passengers faced each other. Nearly every day the chauffeur would first call with the "Carryall" at the "Cottage" to pick up Grandfather Higinbotham and his grandchildren. Then he would climb up to the main house where Florence and Cornelius, and inevitably "N-U-R-S-E" joined them. The chauffeur would then drive them all to the small parking lot at the southeast corner of Steep Hill where all six would spend the morning on the beach. Here they were frequently joined by other children from further down the Road. I can well remember walking with Grandfather Higinbotham and listening to his discourses on nature as typified by the shells of the beach and the grasses of the dunes.

In 1918-19 infantile paralysis again struck Boston and its suburbs. To escape its threat, the Cranes moved their family to the White Mountains; and Cornelius told me on October 18th, 1958 that he still remembers with a shudder that the trip to the White Mountains was made in the Stevens Duryea, which was so hard riding that he was car-sick regularly every ten miles.

The Stevens Duryea roadster was the car which Mr. Crane was driving about 1917 when it was in a frightful collision at the intersection of Linebrook Road and the Newburyport Turnpike. The car was overturned and Mr. Crane was very seriously injured; in fact barely escaped with his life. Less fortunate was his friend and Yale classmate, Mr. Benjamin Stickney Cable, who was killed. This accident was a terrible blow to Mr. Crane, who never again took the wheel of a car. Cable Memorial Hospital in Ipswich was the gift of Mr. Crane to the Town shortly after the accident.

H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

Harlow N. Higinbotham entering Pierce Arrow circa 1915.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

The Italian Villa at Castle Hill, 1911.

Enlargement of Packard "Carryall" from same negative as above picture. The chauffeur shown here was named Meder but N-U-R-S-E (second from right) always called him "Meter". Another nurse, Emma, is in front seat.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

Mrs. Higinbotham and her father-in-law in a brand new 1911 Chalmers in Chicago.

The same Chalmers at Castle Hill; Florence Crane, Florence Higinbotham, Cornelius, "Poolun" and Harlow Jr.

H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

The Crane pony-cart in 1913. Elinor Patterson, Cornelius, Harlow N. Higinbotham Jr., Alicia Patterson, Florence Crane and Mrs. Crane. "Poolun," the big chow dog is also in the party.

H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

"N-U-R-S-E" and her flock in the Higinbotham 1915 Chalmers. Harlow at wheel, Cornelius, standing with bow and arrow, Florence H. and Florence Crane.

After the early cars had outlived their usefulness the Cranes purchased two town-cars, a Crane Simplex of about 1919 vintage and a 1921 Rolls Royce. In addition, for more mundane use, two Cadillac touring cars were added to the group, and it was one of these which I drove on the way back from the banana-split contest.

These four cars were principally chauffeured by Alvin Johnson and Stuart McRobbie. The Crane's first chauffeur was Arne Immerslung, and the next was named Meder, neither of whom I can remember. Johnson came to the Cranes when I was very young and remained with them until he died in 1949, the same year as Mrs. Crane. He was probably the slowest driver ever to be a chauffeur, but this pleased Mrs. Crane, who did not like speed. On the other hand, it displeased Mrs. Strahan, the household manageress, who frequently used to say to the children, "Johnson has only two speeds - DEAD SLOW and STOP!"

Mrs. Strahan herself was usually independent of Johnson for she was provided with a Hudson roadster.

Stuart McRobbie, the man who so respectfully closed the door for us two fourteen-year-olds, was a doughty Scotchman, one of the few surviving veterans of the terrible battle of Gallipoli. When the depression temporarily smote the Cranes in 1930, only one chauffeur could be retained, so McRobbie left to start his own filling station in Ipswich. This was a great success and within a few years "Mac" was one of Ipswich's most respected citizens, and a selectman for several terms.

Mrs. Crane kept the Crane Simplex until about 1929 and the Rolls Royce for much longer than that. The Crane Simplex was perhaps even more impressive looking than the Rolls. It was an enormous car, maroon as had been the Stevens Duryeas, with German silver radiator and trimmings, and moleskin upholstery. Cornelius and I always thought this must be a very fast car until, when we secured licenses in 1922, we took it out without the chauffeur and opened it up wide on the Essex Road. The maximum speed, most disappointingly, was just under fifty miles an hour, but even this was too much for the curves in the Essex Road and we swayed so far over on the turns that common sense dictated we give up the speed trials.

There were many other Crane cars not sufficiently distinguished to mention here. I will even pass rapidly over the private fire engine and the steam shovel which Mr. Crane acquired. It should be mentioned, however, that on a trip to Europe about 1920 he saw a Citroen half-track desert tractor, one of three which had just crossed the Sahara and were receiving world-wide publicity at that time. His imagination was fired by the vision of himself driving a similar vehicle over his Ipswich sand dunes so he had the Citroen Company ship a similar one to this country.

I can't recall that Mr. Crane ever used the Citroen himself; most of the time it stayed in one of the stucco barns which formed the farm group. Occasionally Cornelius and I would get permission to borrow the Citroen from Elmer Copperthwaite who then, as now, controlled all of the Cranes' mechanical equipment, (especially including the electrical generation set) and their boats. The desert half-track had six speeds forward and the maximum speed in top gear was ten miles per hour. In the lowest gear the maximum speed was about one-third mile per hour and in this speed, with the help of the two heavy rubber tracks, we could go straight up the steepest dunes and, without ever changing speed, down the other side. This vehicle would safely climb

H. D. HIGINBOTHAM

Higinbotham Cadillac about 1920.

Mr. Crane at wheel of "Northern Light" about 1927.

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM, JR.

a hill at least twice as steep as any today's four-wheel drive jeeps can negotiate; we had many adventures in the sand dunes with the Citroen but never a mishap.

The Higinbotham family specialized in Chalmers for a number of years. I remember Mr. Higinbotham explaining how closely he was missed by a train in one of these at the railroad crossing on the Newburyport Turnpike in Peabody.

"If it had come a foot nearer it would have taken off the spare tire on the rear", he said.

After the Chalmers, the Higinbothams had a Cadillac touring car, a photograph of which I print not only as a Higinbotham record but also because this car was almost an exact duplicate of two of the Crane Cadillacs and another one which Mrs. Joseph Warner owned.

The Cranes had almost as wide a variety of boats as they did automobiles. When Mr. Crane acquired Woodbury's Landing he was able to construct a pier which provided about eight feet of deep water even at low tide. Here, in successive years, could be seen, first, a very early speedboat which would make better than twenty-five miles an hour, next a large shoal-draft steam yacht, the "Agawam", which I recall as being about eighty feet long, and finally the "Northern Light", a yawl which Mr. Crane had built in Maine in 1927 as a present to Florence. Also, through all of these years, Mr. Crane owned a tunnel-stern, five-passenger motorboat which he had bought from Mr. Storey, the Essex builder of fishing schooners, a small sailboat for Florence, and a cabin fishing boat with a huge two-cylinder engine named the "Passaic" in recognition of the fact that Mr. Crane's father and grandfather had lived in Passaic, New Jersey. (The grandfather built the first suspension bridge in America there, about 1820.)

Of the above-mentioned boats, the small tunnel-stern craft was one in which Cornelius and I had many pleasurable fishing trips, gunning expeditions, and aquaplaning adventures. This boat we were allowed to take out alone.

We also frequently went fishing in "Passaic," which was always skippered by Copperthwaite since we could not be trusted to handle such a large boat alone. I suppose I have been seasick on "Passaic" oftener than on any other craft, and have also spent many hours aboard her when she was accidentally, or purposely, grounded out on the tidal flats or sand bars. Nevertheless, my memories of her are all pleasant.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. N. HIGINBOTHAM, JR.

ABOVE:

"Northern Light" off the Maine Coast, 1927.

LEFT: (right to left)

Crew of the "Northern Light", Cornelius, my sister Sarah, Florence Crane and Florence Higinbotham.

"Passaic" grounded out about 1922. Cornelius on deck. S.N.S. PHOTO

RANTOUL

Cold, penetrating fear which has been clutching at my insides for the last ten minutes threatens to completely paralyze me. Nevertheless I must try to bicycle past the vicious Airedales. There are three of them. I can hear the yelping and growling increase as I start back down the Rantoul driveway, which winds past the barnyard harboring the terrible tempered dogs owned by Blauvelt, the Rantoul's farmer. It is 1917 and I am eleven.

My triumph at having sneaked silently up to the Rantoul's without the dogs having noticed me is short lived. It is obvious that they will attack if they can reach the bend in the road before I do. It is downhill and in desperation I accelerate to a speed never before equalled by my miniature, girl's-model bike. I am crying - screaming - frantically pedalling. The dogs are coming at me snarling and yapping - they are a foot from my bare calf - a foot and a half - two, three feet and I slowly pull away from them, streaking for home and safety.

LESLIE GRINNELL

"Thatchbank", the Rantoul house in 1927. Airedales used to attack opposite sign on left of drive.

My mother was the reason for my having to run the Airedale gauntlet, not just once, but several times. Having discovered that goods can be bought cheaper wholesale than retail she had formed a small group of housewives who named themselves "The Argilla Co-operators". The Co-operators enthusiastically purchased case after case of everything from eggs to Baker's Caracass Chocolate, all of which cascaded, via train and express van, into our house. Before my mother was aware what was happening her entire family (except my father who wisely remained resolutely aloof) was overwhelmed with unpacking, storage and delivery problems, spoilage of goods, pilfering of chocolate (by me), accounting procedures, and the difficulty of getting slow remitters who were also close friends to settle their accounts.

In short, my mother found herself in business. Far from being deterred by this discovery, she seized on the opportunity to put her three eldest children to work as delivery men. In fact I believe the only real saving that the Co-operators ever effected was, first, that they made free use of my father's capital without paying any interest, and, second, that a reluctant but effective unpaid delivery force could be mustered by a combination of orders, threats and bribes.

OSGOOD ALBUM

At the Osgood tennis court, 1915, Mr. Rantoul, K. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Rantoul, Mrs. Osgood, Ruth Harrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Neal Rantoul built their large and solid brick house "Thatchbank" on the southwest side of the Goodale pond in 1912 on land purchased from John Augustus Burnham. There was already a farm house and barn on the property and here Mr. Blauvelt and family held sway until the Grinnells bought this portion of the property in 1927 and Blauvelt moved away, soon to become Chief of the Ipswich Police Force.

Mr. Rantoul was a partner in a well-known Boston architectural firm; his English wife, Charlotte, was renowned both for her cultured manner and for her fashionable dress. Mr. Rantoul, himself, apparently owned more pairs of white flannel trousers than anyone on the Road except, perhaps, Mr. Crane. Between them the Rantouls made a most impressive couple, and this effect was heightened when Mrs. Rantoul's tall and tweedy brother, Pat Talbot, who was a frequent visitor, was present. The reverberations of their Oxford accents are probably still softly ringing near the Rousmaniere (now Thompson) tennis court, where they frequently played.

For several years the Rantouls were chauffeur-driven in a large black seven-passenger 1914 Packard touring car, almost like Dr. Crockett's. At times Mr. Rantoul took the wheel but Mrs. Rantoul did not learn to drive, as I recall it, until years later. The only photograph I have been able to find of this Packard is an accidental one, the intention of the photographer having been to portray a tennis match at the Osgood Court and the car happens to appear in the background. I have had the small portion of the picture which shows the Packard enlarged for this publication, which explains why the unidentified tennis player appears so large in relation to the car.

Talbot Rantoul wrote me on October 26, 1958 that the Rantouls next owned one of the first twelve cylinder or "Twin Six" Packards. This was presumably a 1916 model, also a seven-passenger touring.

OSGOOD ALBUM

Rantoul 7 passenger Packard at the Osgood tennis court, 1915.

RANTOUL ALBUM

Hunt breakfast at the Rantouls, 1917; standing, Mr. H. Rice, Mr. Randolf (Bud) Appleton, Mrs. Isaac Thomas, Mr. H. Fulsome, Mrs. Rantoul, Mr. Fred Alley, Mr. Neil Rice, Mr. Rantoul, ?, Mrs. Burroughs, Mrs. Persis Mason, Mrs. Bayard Tuckerman and Mr. Isaac Thomas. Seated next to dog, Mrs. Rice. Seated on steps, top row Mrs. Ben: P. P. Moseley, Miss M. Curtis and Miss Emma Mandell, Mrs. Francis Sears with dog in lap. Others unknown.

RANTOUL ALBUM

Robert Rantoul, 1917.

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

Skipper Jack Shurtleff stands in the Robbins' large dory with crew; Mary Chipman, Anne Robbins, Connie Chipman, Talbot Rantoul, unknown, Faith Chipman, John Wolbach, Henry Robbins, Charlotte Rantoul, Teddy Wolbach and the Wolbach tutor.

To supplement the Packard, the Rantouls also operated a 1917 Ford touring car, which did not receive the good care accorded the Packards, with the result that it soon looked a little dilapidated. Then one day it was in a head on collision at Northgate and Argilla Roads with the Roger Warner Ford of approximately the same vintage and body type. No one was injured, but all four headlights were broken, and fenders were crumpled and "wishbones" bent on both cars. To recount who was driving the cars and what was said later about the cause or causes of the accident is not within the scope of this report.

The Rantouls had three children, Robert, Talbot and Charlotte Maud (now Mrs. Paul Bonner), all born between 1911 and 1915, who were close friends of those Robbins and Shurtleff children a little younger than Chandler and myself.

My brother Bill writes in "A Casual History of Argilla Road":

> "In about 1928 Talbot owned a stripped-down Model T racing car that was conspicuous along Argilla Road. I aquaplaned behind this car on the water off Ipswich Beach; the car ran along the beach, and pulled the aquaplane situated at the end of a 200-foot rope. Awkwardness arose when we encountered children wading in shallow water; fortunately, the beach was rather deserted in those days.
>
> Talbot and I used to sail in the Goodale's Pond in a diminutive sailboat built by Mrs. Rantoul's dashing English brother Patrick. We tipped over, but waded back to shore through a welter of mud and cat-o-nine tails."

THE AGE OF FLIGHT

There are very exciting events going on this summer of 1911 at our house, and also at the Vickery's. With tarpaulins and canvas my father has improvised an enclosed workshop at the back of our house and here he is at work every spare moment, day or night, constructing a glider.

For weeks the talk at home has all been about flying and how my father intends to master the air. He has long been a builder of experimental kites and once, before we were born, made one so large it had to be flown on a wire, and pulled his father and mother, seated in a buggy, more than two miles! Such words as "aileron" and "tail plane" have become familiar to even a five year old like me.

Over in the Vickery's barn, eleven year old Edward Vickery is building another glider, so the race for the first successful flight on Argilla Road is on!

Tonight we have a distinguished house-guest in the person of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted Jr., the landscape architect for whom my father used to work and who is now at our house in order to inspect, tomorrow morning, the Crane Italian Garden on which he is working.

"Come out into the tent, Rick!" says my father after supper. "I want you to see how my glider is taking shape."

"I'd be delighted, Shurtleff."

Kerosene lamps are lit and placed at intervals inside the tent where they throw against its roof eerie and much enlarged shadows of strange canvas-covered shapes held together with struts and braced with wires. As the inspection continues raindrops beat on the tent and thunder rumbles in the distance.

"We haven't any garage, Rick," says my father, "but there is room in the tent for both the glider and your car. I'll lift up the side of the tent and you can run her right in."

And so we children are treated to the sight of gleaming brass and bright red paint reflecting the lights of the kerosene lamps like a hundred little winking stars. An automobile and a glider in father's tent! What strange and exciting companions!

The age of flight in Ipswich had already begun in 1910. The earliest memory which I am able to record in this publication occurred in that year, and is too fragmentary to form the basis for a "flash-back". It begins when I was four years old and riding astride a little padded seat clamped to the bar running between his own seat and the handlebars on my father's bicycle. My mother, on her cycle, followed. We were proceeding slowly down Northgate Rd. and within sight were a few automobiles, many carriages and hundreds of persons walking or on bicycles, all going the same direction.

IPSWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Burgess biplane made in Ipswich in 1910 and flown by Charles K. Hamilton. Heartbreak Hill and Argilla Farm at left.

"Today" said my father, "You are going to see an aeroplane fly--something you will never forget."

At the sharp curve (removed in 1957) in Northgate Road there was what looked like a small barn but my father called it a "hangar". Because of the throng of pedestrians milling around it, only the roof of this structure was visible. Unfortunately my memory lapses at this juncture; my only direct recollection is that later the great crowd dispersed in disappointment, the plane having made a great deal of noise but never having left the ground. Of the plane itself, I recall nothing.

To try to piece together the whole story of what happened at that time has defied my somewhat feeble efforts. However, the following information has been furnished in 1958 by Robert Vickery.

In 1910 a relatively young man named Vail, son of the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, built a hangar in the field near the sharp bend in Northgate Road. Here he reassembled an aeroplane which he had bought in, and imported from, France. After a few abortive attempts to leave the ground (of which I must have seen one), he made a few successful, although very short, flights; then cracked up the plane and injured himself. The damaged plane was, forthwith, locked up in the hangar.

All of these activities had been watched with intense interest not only by my father, then aged 40, but by Edward Vickery, aged 10.

Edward wrote to Vail's father, the A.T. & T. president, asking permission to use parts of the wrecked plane to build a glider, and, much to the surprise of the older Vickerys, received a formal reply authorizing him to enter the hangar whenever he wanted to and remove any parts he desired. Mr. Vail Sr. also wrote to the farmer in charge of the hangar that "Mr. Vickery" could have the key whenever he wanted.

Robert Vickery's story explains much which otherwise might have been forgotten about the 1910 flights on Northgate Rd. but offers no explanation of the only pictorial record now available of the activity there. The photograph reproduced herewith seems to indicate that another "plane" was built and flown in 1910 from the same field, but of it neither Robert nor any one else with whom I have discussed the matter have any memory.

The testing of the Shurtleff and Vickery gliders, which were both completed the summer of 1911, is another matter entirely, for both Robert Vickery and I can attest to at least part of what happened then.

In the case of the Vickery glider, the truth of the matter seems to have been simply that it was so heavy and, in aerodynamic terms, so crudely designed, that nobody except Edward thought it would fly and it proved too heavy for him to test fly alone. In my father's instance, however, there had been so much talk that something had to be done.

My father, at first, announced his proposed trial flight off Steep Hill at the Cranes. At a height of about 150 feet above sea level he was prepared, he claimed, to launch himself in his new craft into the air and steer her down to the beach. On second thought, however, he concluded that the very first flight should be from a lower eminence. Hence he decided to fly it off the top of our own hill which is only about fifty feet high. Robert Vickery agreed to assist him.

When the time for the test flight came, Robert was rather surprised to find that my father now intended to honor him as the pilot and had suddenly decided to become a helper instead of the flyer! Despite great uncertainty about his ability to control the craft, should it fly, by changing his weight around within the glider, Robert climbed into the framework and lifted up the glider with his shoulders by means of pads attached to it. He found it to be extraordinarily heavy.

Robert bravely ran down our hill several times, bearing the heavy weight, which each time seemed more crushing, but the glider showed no signs of lifting or wanting to take the air. Soon he gave up, exhausted. Next, I recall, my father decided to try it himself - but not from the top of the hill. He took it almost to the bottom, then climbed in, and while all the helpers steadied the contraption, ran about ten steps --- in a very half-hearted manner --- and then gave up.

And now, in two short years, the age of flight for Argilla Road had run its course. The hangar at Northgate was dismantled, the gliders disappeared, and for the rest of his life my father referred to them only with great reluctance.

A²S LANTERN SLIDE, 1911

A²S crouches as his glider is steadied by Robert Vickery. Harrington house at left.

A²S LANTERN SLIDE, 1911

A²S debates whether to take off from brow of his own hill.

A²S LANTERN SLIDE, 1911

Glider controls consisted of pads on which pilot was supposed to shift his own weight.

VICKERY ALBUM

Edward Vickery sits in the glider he invented, October 12, 1911.

BARNEY

My sister Sarah and I are jointly earning a dollar by washing the Barney's Studebaker. It is 1917 - she is 9 and I am 11.

The Studebaker, a 7-passenger touring car with black leather upholstery, originally had a varnished black surface but since the Barneys have left the car outdoors a great deal the surface has become gray and the varnish is criss-crossed with tiny cracks. Thus, when after a great deal of soap and hot water has been expended, the car, although now clean, does not shine as we had hoped. While wiping off the final smears my rag accidentally brushes against an oily spot and after this wherever I touch the finish with the oily rag it shines delightfully.

"If we could find some oil, we could oil the whole car and make it shine just like this spot."

"That's a good idea" agrees Sarah. "Why not take the oil out of the oil can that 'Uncle Del' uses to oil the car with?"

No sooner said than done. Within twenty minutes we have smeared the entire car with oil and it glistens a beautiful glossy black. Mrs. Barney comes out of the house and congratulates us on making the car look new again. We go home very pleased with our ingenuity.

Later the same day I am returning from the beach on my bicycle and at the top of the Crockett's hill I meet the entire Barney family in the Studebaker chugging up the other side. They are only one-half mile from home and the front of their car still glistens as Sarah and I left it. Behind the car however is the usual dense cloud of white dust, and some of this is clinging to all the rest of the car back of the windshield. That portion as far back as the rear door has about one-eighth inch of dust encrusted on it. Obviously, when the car stops and the dust cloud catches up with it, the Barneys are going to have quite a surprise!

Dr. and Mrs. Barney were forbearing enough not to complain. They never explained how they managed to get the car clean again and the oil removed from the finish, but Sarah and I were never again employed to wash a car for the Barneys.

Dr. and Mrs. James Dellinger Barney had spent the summer of 1909 in the Robbins' house and wanted to return; they therefore built their own house in 1915 (now the A. W. Smith house). They had two daughters, one of whom, Peggy, was about my age, and Faith, a little younger. Dr. and Mrs. Barney were very close friends of my family; Dr. Barney used to go duck hunting and mountain climbing with my father. Both Barneys were fond of charades or of acting in any form, so that impromptu theatricals were common in both of our houses.

Dr. Barney took a great interest in automobiles but he seldom if ever felt that he could afford a new one. After the Studebaker had been sold he reverted for a year or so to a much earlier car which he felt was such a bargain that he had not been able to resist it. It was a 1912 Ford touring with gas lights as well as the usual brass radiator. In this car he would commute to Boston and back every day which must indeed have been a great strain as the roads in those days were no more efficient than the car. An hour and forty minutes in each direction was considered good time.

INCHES ALBUM

Dr. Barney in wheelbarrow race at Harrington Circus, 1910.

HAYDOCK ALBUM

Dr. and Mrs. Barney as fortune-tellers at the 1913 Harrington Circus. Dr. B. appeared other years as a comic policeman.

PHOTO BY A^2S

Dr. Barney at the Shurtleffs' on return from clam-digging, in 1915.

INCHES ALBUM

Peggy Barney at the Rousmanieres', 1910.

The Ford soon proved inadequate, and the next acquisition was a large, second-hand Packard, a 1914 model, which he acquired about 1920 and drove for, I think, ten years or more until in its final days it was regarded--even then--as an antique car. It was very high, had a straight windshield held up by braces, soft leather upholstery, and a big battery box on the running board.

On September 26, 1958 Mrs. Peggy Barney Hallowell wrote me about the Packard as follows:

> "I remember the huge gadget on the steering wheel post containing all the light buttons and God knows what else. There must have been at least 25 of such. I also remember that my Mother who was fairly short had a terrible time reaching the pedals, and we always said that she only really drove the mammoth thing with her intellect, having no mechanical sense whatsoever."

Dr. Barney was a very fast driver. The excitement of watching him go by was enhanced by the fact that the Packard made a low growling whine, something like an airplane engine, when driven at high speed. About six o'clock every evening the Shurtleff and perhaps some of the Robbins children would gather on our hill near the windmill, from which vantage point we could see all the fathers who had been at work come back down the Road. At that time there were no trees to interfere so that we had a clear view all the way to Argilla Farm and Northgate Road.

The two most exciting people to watch coming home were, first, Geoffrey Goodale, who would drive his father back from the station in their huge Peerless, at a speed of from fifty to fifty-five miles an hour, with a dust cloud streaming out far behind. Then a little later we would hear the distant whine of the Barney Packard coming up Northgate Road from whence it would moan down Argilla with an even bigger dust cloud behind it because of its high stature but at a speed somewhat less than the Goodale car. Dr. Crockett was also well known for his high speed driving, but for some reason I cannot remember that we used to see him come by. Perhaps his habitual hour of return was after we had started supper, which was always at 6:30.

Sad to relate there are in existence no photographs of Barney cars and few of other Barney activities. Faith B. Woodin wrote me on September 23, 1958 "I'm afraid several years ago when Father moved from my grandmother's house in Cambridge, into an apartment, that everything in the nature that you are referring to, was thrown out. Perhaps Peggy may have some contribution but she no doubt is in the same situation as I am."

Peggy writes "Those days in Ipswich were the happiest of my life and I will never forget them or cease to regret the family moved....."

ROBBINS ALBUM

Faith Barney in Robbins' 1925 Ford. This is the only early photo of Faith available!

NASH

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Nash of Brookline lived in the present Goodale Orchard house, then known as the Brown Farm, for the summers of 1912 and '13. Then they moved to the Townsend rental house (now the Austin house) for several summers between 1914 and 1920. In addition to their two sons Bradley D. and Edward R. Jr., the Nash's were accustomed to receive long visits from Mrs. Nash's father and mother, the Bradley Martin DeLamaters, of Jackson, Michigan, where Mr. DeLamater customarily drove an electric automobile down to the bank of which he was president.

The Nash's were the only family on the Road to participate directly in the automobile industry. Mr. DeLamater was president first of the Imperial Automobile Co. and later of the Marion-Handley Automobile Co. both of Jackson. These companies were fairly shortlived, but cars were actually produced and sold on a national basis, although only in small numbers.

I well remember a ride in one of the Marion-Handleys in 1917. This was a touring car of about the same general size and appearance of a Hudson or Chandler; its one distinctive feature was that the dash-board where the instruments were mounted was made of a rare natural wood which resembled, and perhaps was, curly maple. The back of the front seat had a panel of similar wood with little cubbyholes cut into it for storing odds and ends, as well as holding the robe rail.

After the Marion-Handley, the Nash's had a Lincoln and a Packard, Edward Nash Jr. told me on November 9, 1958, but these I do not recall. Neither do I recall the Corbin about which a clipping is herewith reproduced. Bradley Nash who now has the imposing title "UNDER SECRETARY OF COMMERCE FOR TRANSPORTATION" recently wrote about this clipping:

> "The Corbin is 1907, but it is possible that it was used when we were at the old Farm. Farmer Brown, of course, was the owner when we were in Ipswich. He was

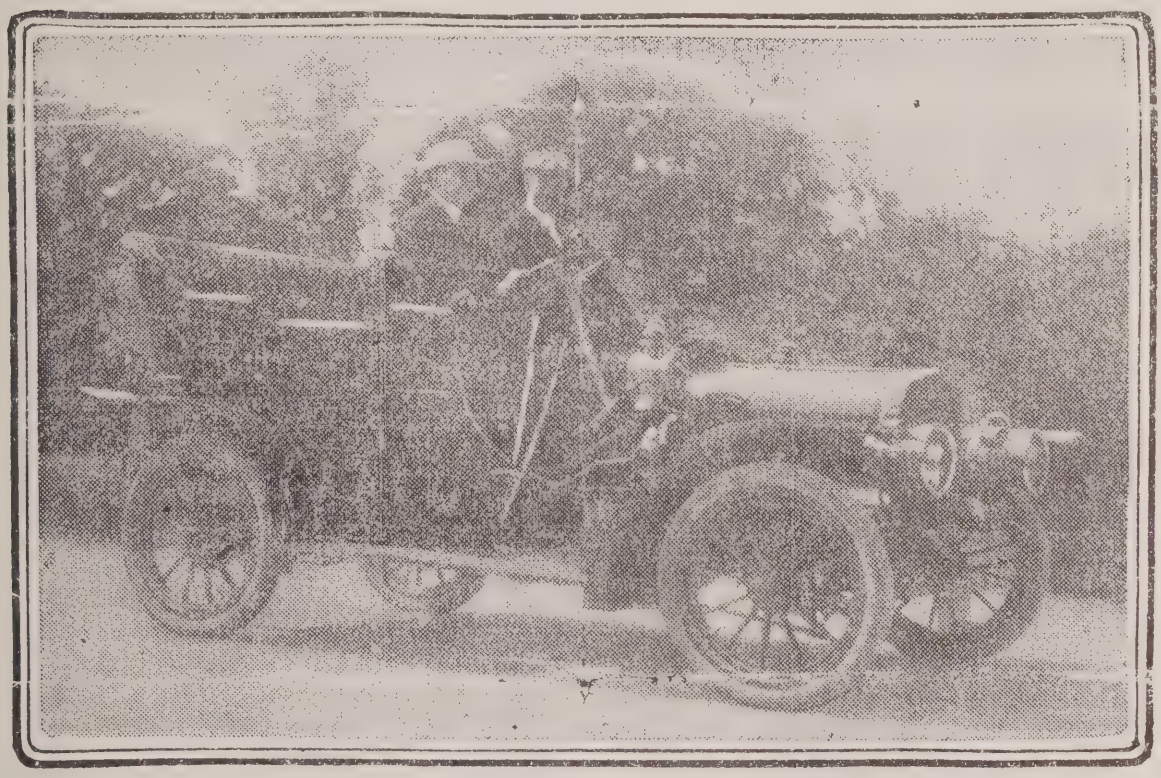
NASH ALBUM

Mr. & Mrs. Nash with son Edward, 1916.

SUBJECTED TO 8000-MILE TEST, MADE GOOD

Corbin Model E Is Praised By E. R. Nash of Brookline

Edward R. Nash in a Corbin Four-Cylinder Car, Which, He Says, He Found Ideal for Touring —It Responded to Every Reasonable Demand He Put Upon It, Filling Exacting Requirements Under All Sorts of Road Conditions.



Testimony from One Who Knows the Auto Well

Edward R. Nash of Brookline, who in his school days was a mighty clever athlete, is a most enthusiastic motorist and whenever he has any leisure time from his office, he enjoys it touring in his model E, 24-horsepower Corbin. In this car Mr. Nash has travelled over 8000 miles during the past year, and the only trouble he has experienced was with tires. He said to a Boston Herald reporter, "I think that the Corbin is an ideal touring car, and from my own experience I am thoroughly satisfied with it as the car has never failed to respond to any call I have made upon it." Mr. Nash is a well known business man, and when he was in school he was a star football player as well as a valuable member of the track team, and he still keeps up his interest in athletics. He was an early devotee of motoring, and has a thorough knowledge of mechanics, as well as being an expert operator. On long trips he does all of his own driving, and he takes a great deal of pleasure in touring. He has travelled all over New England in his car, under all sorts of road conditions, and has never experienced a serious delay through any mechanical fault of his Corbin.

Clipping from Boston Herald, Feb. 1907

a very fat man who used to amuse my family by using the horse's tail on the hayrake as a grip for his left hand when he climbed onto the seat to do the raking. This farm was also known as Red Top Farm".

"While at the Brown Farm, we had a chauffeur, Oscar who served as well, as a general handyman. He milked the one cow. He lost his life returning from a visit to Sweden in the sinking of the Titanic.

"The Nashes felt very sophisticated indeed when they left the farm and moved to the Townsend cottage in 1914.

"My warmest regards and I do hope to see you before too long. One of my fondest memories was the full tide over the marshes in September with Hog Island in the distance."

At the time the Nash's lived in the Townsend house they had a very crowded household, for since Mr. DeLamater did not know how to drive any other type of car than his electric, a chauffeur was needed for the Marion-Handley. Mrs. Nash did not drive. The household therefore consisted of the two DeLamaters, the two senior Nashes, the two boys, the chauffeur, a cook and a maid.

During World War II when I was a Naval Lieutenant stationed at Pearl Harbor, and later Guam, I repeatedly ran into Lt. Cmdr. Edward R. Nash, Jr. U.S.N.R. who was a beachmaster on several island-hopping invasions. We spent a great deal of time overcoming (or increasing?) our homesickness by reviewing our early days on the Road.

NASH ALBUM

Bradley Nash and puppy, 1916.

NASH ALBUM

Beach group, 1916, Edward Lund, Charles Townsend, Edward Goodale and Edward Nash, Jr.

WARNER

It is a moment of terror! Worst of all possible luck, the Mercer turns into the driveway just as we have the gasoline fire blazing briskly! Mr. Warner, who is the last man in the world we want to see at the moment, is at the wheel. He glares at us, brings the car to an abrupt stop, and begins to get out.

"Dump the water!" Roger screams.

Chandler empties a pail of water onto the gasoline blaze. To our horror, instead of putting the fire out, the water makes it flare more intensely. Mr. Warner starts hastily toward us.

"Run!" shrieks everybody in unison.

All four of us, stimulated by adrenalin, abandon our gear and speed like the wind through the barn and out the far door past the Potter house, toward the marshes. Mr. Warner, ignoring the fire, is close behind but losing ground.

It is 1918 and Chandler, Roger and I have been giving my young brother William an illustrated lesson on how easily gasoline can be made to burn. Once before the three of us have tried it in Bill's absence and hence are old hands at the game. First you pump half a tin can full of gasoline out of the Warner's gasoline pump. Naturally this must be done when both Mr. Warner and the chauffeur are away! Next you pour it onto the gravel driveway at least thirty feet from the barn so that there will be absolutely no danger of setting the barn on fire. Finally you light it with a match and a delightful fire bursts into the air. And of course the presence of the pail of water is sufficient proof that we are all plenty grown-up enough to be trusted with this kind of an operation! (Little do we realize that water won't put out a gasoline fire because gasoline floats on water).

Our churning legs take us through the Potter orchard, across the marsh and to the back side of the drumlin beyond. By this time Mr. Warner has dropped out of sight, so we stop for a hurried consultation.

"We'll hide in these bayberry bushes at the edge of the marsh" I say with the authority of seniority.

"Not on your life" objects Roger. "That's the first place he'll look", and running to the top of the island he disappears into a thicket of sumac, pasture junipers, wild roses and poison ivy.

Roger is all too right. Within ten minutes Mr. Warner, leisurely circling the island, discovers us in the bayberry bushes.

"Where's Roger?" he ask sternly.

"We don't know, Mr. Warner" I answer truthfully.

"All right then" he replies. "Tell me the whole story. Start at the beginning, tell the whole truth, and don't put all the blame on Roger".

Little did Mr. Warner know then that he was talking to the future official historian of the first atomic bomb tests at Bikini, (yes, my brother Bill) and that his hard-to-find son would live to be the only man alive until after Bikini who could ready the "A" bomb for explosion! (Yes, Roger participated in every explosion of an atomic bomb until after Bikini. He was flown to Guam in 1945 to ready the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs and later Bill wrote me from Bikini, "Roger Warner's name is respected here more than the Pope's in Rome!")

At any rate, when I had told Mr. Warner the whole and true story he said, "This is too serious for me to punish you. You will therefore tell your fathers what you have done as soon as they come home this evening. Then report to me that you have done so tomorrow morning at ten minutes of eight at my house."

The strain of reporting the next morning was something I hope never to undergo again, but actually neither my father nor Dr. Robbins gave us a particularly severe punishment. Poor Roger, however, stayed in that thicket until after dark and suffered very severe punishment, indeed, including confiscation of his bicycle for two weeks.

In 1915 Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sherman Warner bought about twelve acres of upland and an equal amount of saltmarsh between Argilla Rd. and Castle Neck River, just to the west of my father's land. On this property stood the large farm house previously rented by the Rogers and Winslows and today owned by Mrs. Maurice M. Osborne. The large barn, which later contained the gasoline pump stood about 100' east of the house.

Almost at once Mr. Warner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Warner, moved into the farmhouse and the junior Warners rented the Jenkins' house, across the street, from whence to oversee the building of a new house of their own. Ground was broken for the new house in the spring of 1916. The soil, as might be expected near Argilla Road, was argillaceous - heavy clay hardpan so hard that it could not be dug by hand without first being blasted. For several weeks the Shurtleff house, about 400 ft. to the east, was repeatedly rocked as heavy charges of dynamite were set off. And I can well remember one large boulder, about thirty inches in diameter, being blown high into the sky and soaring over the tree tops until it descended with a great thud only about fifty feet from the Jenkins' house.

WARNER ALBUM

The brothers, Langdon (left) and Roger Warner at Gerish Island in 1926.

The new house, when finished, was a most gracious place to live. Into it moved the Warners and their three children, Roger, Jr., Rachael and Sturgis. This same house is owned today by the Edward Wheelers, but Mrs. Warner and her children have not moved far away, for in 1951-2 they built another house on the original property and in this they now live. Mrs. Warner was then, as she is today, an expert flower gardener.

When the Joseph Warners arrived at their new home they came in an enormous Italian Fiat with a very high body, a car which in appearance was almost a duplicate of the Crane's last Renault.

RIGHT:

Roger S. Warner Jr., aged 2, and Stevens Duryea, in 1909.

BELOW:

Roger S. Warner Jr. and cousin Lorraine Jr. in 1915 Ford. The brand new Warner (now Wheeler) house is in the background.

WARNER ALBUM

PHOTO BY STURGIS WARNER

"Dad, Mother and 'Sunny', 1925".

VANWYCK ALBUM

Mr. Roger S. Warner in characteristic stance.

Later they owned a Cadillac touring car similar to the Cranes. They also brought with them several servants and a chauffeur. The junior Warners had at this time a Ford touring car of which two photographs remain, but of the many interesting cars which succeeded the Ford no pictures can be found until near the end of the era when Roger Jr. had his Stutz "Bearcat" photographed.

As soon as the Warners had moved into their new house, Mr. Warner acquired not only a chauffeur (in addition to his father's) but also a whole series of unusual cars, all of which were second or third-hand when he bought them. These included an Issotta Fraschini (de Milano), an Itala, a Lancia, and a Mercer, all four of which and a Ford were owned at one time.

Of the above cars, the Ford and Mercer, both touring cars, were for general use. The Ford was like all other Fords but the Mercer was one-of-a-kind as far as the Road was concerned. It was of about 1916 vintage, very large and very racy-looking with artillery wheels and a top which was often folded back. It was equipped with a cut-out for the muffler, and with cut-out open it emitted a most authoritative roar.

The Issotta, a 1912 model, must have been designed for royalty. It was not only of gigantic size, but also had a highly impractical "Victoria top" which only covered the passengers in the rear seat, which arrangement, I believe, was technically known as a landau. The radiator was very narrow and pointed, in a foreign manner, there were spare wheels on each running board, a gear box with four speeds forward, and best of all, it had four-wheel brakes which were unheard of on American cars until 1923.

The only trouble with the Issotta was that it wouldn't run! Month after month it sat in the barn while Mr. Warner and the two chauffeurs took it apart and put it back together again. After

each reassembly it would be taken for a short trial spin and then was dismantled again at once. Mrs. Warner told me on October 18, 1958 that it is her distinct impression that they never did get it running satisfactorily.

The Itala also had a defect; for most of its stay with the Warners it didn't have any body or rear fenders! I can't remember why the body was removed, but am inclined to think the car was bought without one in the hope of picking one up later. At any rate the chassis was in fine mechanical shape and I shall never forget Mrs. Warner being driven in it, or rather on it, by the chauffeur to tea at the Cranes'. The chauffeur, in full uniform, sat on a box placed over the gasoline tank, which was properly positioned to fit under the invisible front seat, and Mrs. Warner, dressed in her afternoon best, sat behind him on a large sand bag with one hand clutching her skirt around her ankles and the other holding on her hat and at the same time gripping her handbag!

Roger Warner Jr. told me on November 8, 1958 that all three of the foreign cars together cost only $400.00. The Lancia, fortunately, behaved in a normal manner.

As the Mercer grew older, time came to have it repainted. Mr. Warner had heard of an entirely new paint and a new inexpensive method of applying it. The paint was called "DuPont Duco" and the method of application was by spraying. He decided to try this out and had the Mercer "Ducoed" battleship grey.

When the Mercer returned from the paint shop we all went down to look at it. The result was smooth and shiny and the cost had been less than half that of a good paint and varnish job (which required five or six separate coats). About a week later, however, the paint began to crack in a pattern like an alligator hide and within three weeks looked a good deal like the surface of a Galápagos land tortoise. Duco hadn't yet been properly developed, so the car had to go back to the paint shop for the Duco to be removed and replaced by a more conventional coating.

The Warners had a succession of chauffeurs whom they now remember as having been first, Patterson, then Wade, next Jerry and finally John Mulvaney. John Mulvaney married the Robbins' cook, May Murphy, who was a favorite with us all. Then after she died he married Agnes Brad-

WARNER ALBUM

Sturgis Warner at crank of the '15 Ford. The passenger is sister Rachael.

OSGOOD ALBUM

WARNER ALBUM

Rachael Warner in 1920. Bathing suit tops for men were then a rigid requirement.

LEFT:

Roger Warner Jr. and the Osgoods' dog, "Jock", 1915.

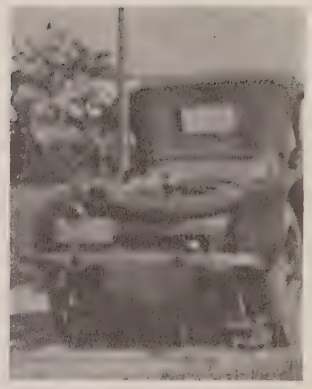
ley who had been our own cook. John came to call on me only last summer at which time he was in fine health.

One Sunday, about 1920, I was bicycling near Argilla Farm where the Road crosses the head of Labor-in-Vain Creek, when over the edge of the bank and all entangled in the branches and trunk of an elm tree I espied a grey car. It was the Warner's Mercer, wrecked and abandoned. When the car had left the road it had sideswiped the trunk of the elm, and at the same time a low branch had swept off the windshield and top, piling up the latter behind the rear seat. The radiator was still warm and there were little drops of blood on the upholstery of the rear seat.

Investigation revealed that the chauffeur had been driving the maids to church when, for reasons still unknown, the car left the road (only about 200' from where Dr. Robbins had overturned his Ford a few years earlier). When the branch folded back the top, part of the ironwork of the top frame "scalped the cook" as Mr. Warner always described it. The cook was taken to the hospital, where it was found that the injury to her scalp had been very minor and with a few stitches she was easily fixed up and soon back at her job.

Unfortunately a shyster lawyer got hold of the cook and told her that she could make a tidy fortune by suing the Warners. This she did, but lost the suit. Not a whit discouraged she sued again and lost again. Nevertheless she persevered until by 1935, fifteen years later, she had sued and lost no less than twelve times! During all this period the Warners had to be ready to defend the case and a great deal of their time and worry went into it.

By profession Mr. Warner was a lawyer. In 1935, when I got married, I discovered that he had shared office space in Boston for years with my father-in-law, Francis N. Balch. When not at work at law or on car-tinkering, Mr. War-



WARNER ALBUM

Roger Jr.'s first car, a 1918 Stutz "Bearcat" which he bought about 1925. The car had been owned previously by a bootlegger; there were several bullet holes in the rear.

ner's enthusiasms included tennis, duck-hunting, growing fruit and ornamental trees, and boating. After owning a succession of small center-board sailboats it was he, of all the boat enthusiasts of the Road, who pioneered by buying a sailboat large enough for off-shore cruising, the "Myth".

During the Warner ownership of the "Myth" she was usually kept at a mooring in the channel opposite the Spragues, as she had too much draft to be kept further up the Castle Neck River. From this point originated many pleasant day cruises into Ipswich Bay and also a number of much longer cruises. From time to time Mr. Warner added more lead pigs to the ballast in an effort to increase her stability. Then when she began to leak badly he sold her to Dr. Crockett, as has been previously noted, "for the value of the lead in her keel."

Langdon Warner came to Argilla Road briefly, at the same time as his brother Roger. Langdon who had recently married the former Lorraine Roosevelt had already established a world wide reputation as an expert on Oriental art and archaeology. At frequent intervals he left his wife and three children, Lorraine, Jr., Margot and Caleb, for trips to the Orient, with special emphasis on exploration of the Gobi desert, to which he and Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews appeared to have staked out overlapping claims. Soon he became Curator of Oriental Art for Harvard's Fogg Museum, which office he held for a great many years.

For their first year in Ipswich the Langdon Warners rented the Galacar bungalow on the edge of the narrow drive leading to the Townsend float. It is for this reason that the song at the beginning of this booklet includes the lines "All the world goes by the Warners when they go to swim. .....". Shortly afterward they purchased in Newburyport a dismantled 17th Century house and had it beautifully rebuilt on the Essex Road not over a mile from the intersection of Northgate and Argilla Roads. In this house they spent many happy years, and as this is written it is still

BROOKS ALBUM

Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Warner, 1915.

GRINNELL ALBUM

Lorraine Warner Jr. 1927.

the summer house of Mrs. Warner and Margot, who receive frequent visits from the other two children.

Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Warner spent much of their social lives on the Road, and were as much a part of the community as the Roger Warners. Mr. Warner was a genial story teller and an inspired actor of charades and funny roles. Mrs. Warner was the leading spirit in all musical matters and the founder of the choral singing group which continued for over twenty-five years.

Both of the Langdon Warners were great friends of my family, and Mr. Warner and my father formed a particularly close association based on their common interest in archery and in a series of poems in blank verse which my father wrote and which Mr. Warner persuaded him to publish under the title of "New England Journal".

From the transportation viewpoint, however, there is little of interest to report about the Langdon Warners. Despite his ability as an explorer Mr. Warner did not drive a car, and as in the cases of Mrs. Sprague, Miss Gretchen Rogers and Mrs. Grinnell, the woman of the family became the chauffeur. The cars which they used were a long succession of Ford sedans. And although son Caleb was a great sailboat enthusiast, neither of his parents had any sustained interest in boating.

No pictures of Langdon Warner activities are available as this goes to the printer.

RICHARD M. SMITH

For several years prior to their permanent settlement in Ipswich in 1916, the Richard M. Smiths were frequent weekend guests of both the Osgoods and the Taylors. One of their visits to the Taylors coincided with the Harrington Circus of 1912: on September 25, 1958 Dr. Smith clearly recalled that during the procession down Argilla Road and up the long Harrington driveway Dr. Taylor, who was dressed as a clown with three pillows stuffed under his blouse, became so hot that Dr. Smith was seriously alarmed he might collapse.

On July 4, 1916, during a walk with the Osgoods to the beach, the party was joined by Mrs. Crockett as they passed her door.

"We've been thinking of buying land somewhere down here in order to build a house" remarked Dr. Smith.

"Why not buy some of ours?" asked Mrs. Crockett. "We have more here than we need."

"Where would you sell?"

"Here" replied Mrs. Crockett pointing to the spot where the Smith house now is.

"We'll buy it."

Carpenter Ed Norman was called down and shown where to build the house. He started almost at once and worked so expeditiously that the Smiths were able to move in the same summer for Labor Day weekend. Dr. Smith recalls that the cost of the house, which included a living room-dining room, bedroom, bathroom, kitchenette and porch was $750.00. This also included all plumbing, cesspool, driveway and other site improvements.

Smith house jacked up to receive a lower story.

R. M. SMITH

In 1922 they employed architect Austin, who had designed the Osgood and Barney houses, to enlarge their house; but the estimate came in so high that they paid off the architect and called Ed Norman back. Dr. Smith made a few sketches on a piece of paper and Ed proceeded to make the changes. The most dramatic part of the change was the jacking of the house up into the air, moving it, and constructing a new first floor and a kitchen ell. The result was highly successful, so that no major changes have been made since.

As a pediatrician with hurry calls to remote spots all over New England, Dr. Smith depended heavily on his chauffeur and car. For 27 years, beginning in 1913, he kept the same chauffeur, Claude Baron, who was a very fast but very careful driver. There was only one minor accident in all these years.

When Baron left the Smiths during World War II, because Dr. Smith spent most of his time at the Children's Hospital, and so there was little driving, he became chauffeur for Admiral Theobald, the Commandant of the First Naval District, and remained with him through the war.

"The Admiral couldn't have had a better man" says Dr. Smith - "he knew every highway and byway in the entire District as a result of the calls on which he drove me."

Unfortunately no pictures of the long line of Smith motor cars exist. The first car was a two-

Mrs. Taylor poses on July 4, 1913 with daughters Ruth and Katherine and Dr. Richard M. Smith. Girl at left remains unidentified.

TAYLOR ALBUM

cylinder Maxwell about 1911, followed by a 1913 Model-T Ford touring. Both of these cars were very brassy open models. The Ford had the habit of "kicking" when being cranked and one such kick broke Dr. Smith's wrist.

With the advent of Claude Baron the smaller cars vanished from the Smith garage, for Baron was very firm that a doctor should have a large, high-powered car. "In the end," he asserted, "they cost no more than the cheaper ones."

Dr. Smith took Baron at his word and soon found himself spending five or even six thousand dollars for a car. An enormous open Marmon, a Buick, an early Peerless sedan, were followed by several Franklins and Packards.

During the same period an early four-cylinder Essex touring car was acquired for Mrs. Smith, who used it happily for many years. These Essex cars always made a characteristic sucking noise as a result of a peculiarity of the carburetor and could be distinguished at a considerable distance, even at night, by the sound alone. Since no pictures of the Smith cars remain, I am inserting here one of a 1924 six-cylinder Essex which my brother Bill and I owned jointly in 1926-27.

S.N.S. PHOTO

William Shurtleff and 1924 Essex.

GALACAR

After renting the Goodale Orchard house for two summers, 1920 &'21, and the Townsend house for the next summer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Ruthven Galacar bought the Dr. Mark Richardson property which consisted of the large house on top of the Townsend hill now owned by Charles and Margot Galacar, and the present Pereira house, which Mr. Galacar sold in 1929, to Dr. and Mrs. George Gilbert Smith, having previously rented it to others.

The Galacars had one child, Charles, who has long been a friend, but of whom I have no early memories because I was fourteen before the Galacars arrived in town and Charles was much younger.

I well remember Mr. Galacar--who died in 1920--at tennis matches, the night-on-the-beach, picnics and boating parties. I also occasionally attended community singing meetings, conducted by Mrs. Langdon Warner, which were frequently held at the Galacar house. But none of these memories involve incidents which justify describing them. However, Mrs. Rosamond Galacar who still lives in another section of Ipswich not only has provided me with the two accompanying photographs but also wrote me on October 1, 1958 as follows:

> "As for cars that we owned during our Ipswich summers through 1928, there was first an Apperson "Chummy Roadster", in use for many years until, oddly enough, it purred its last directly in front of the small garage from which it had been bought. Next we had a Hudson, and for a long period; but in 1923 my husband bought a Dodge car for my personal use, and this was a joy for many summers, until I owned an Essex.

GALACAR ALBUM

Mr. & Mrs. Galacar with Charles, 1921.

GALACAR ALBUM

The Galacar's 1921 Hudson stuck, probably on their driveway.

One fall day in 1922 - in our Hudson - my husband and I, little Charles and our cook drove from Boston to Ipswich for a week-end. On the Topsfield Road just as we reached the tracks by the Ipswich Station the car stopped dead, wouldn't budge! The gate-tender rushed out yelling - "There is a train due." Then waving his flag he raced up the tracks toward Rowley. Meanwhile, grabbing Charles, I fled from the car, while my husband leaped out just in time to break the fall of our 300 lb. cook, who in a panic had allowed her bulk to fall head-first over the still-closed back door. Then rushing to the back of the Hudson he managed to push it slowly off the tracks just as the train was approaching the Station. After this, although somewhat shattered, we returned to the car. To show how unpredictable were such vehicles in those days - the Hudson started perfectly well and we happily headed for Argilla Road."

METAMORPHOSIS OF A "MODEL T"

It is here that I must confess to having been the 1920's version of a "hot-rodder", although that term was unknown in those days. Through my diligent perusal of the monthly magazine "Fordowner", beginning when I was thirteen, I became familiar with all the means of converting a common or garden variety of tin-lizzie into a racing car. I also held long conversations on this subject with older boys, like Oliver Ames, at Noble & Greenough School, who already had made somewhat feeble efforts in that direction by buying "Ames-built" bodies which made their cars look very sporty but still did not improve the performance.

No half-way measures for me however! By the time I was fifteen I had already sketched my dream car in detail and as my sixteenth birthday approached the time was coming at last when I could have a license and my own car. There wasn't the faintest chance of my father's stopping me, much though he would have liked to, for I should surely have run away from home. Therefore my father wisely helped me, but at the same time kept me at least partially under control.

During the winter of 1921-22 our old Ford was taken to Ipswich Motors where the body was removed by Jim Gaudet and placed on a new chassis for my family, as previously recounted. The old chassis (Motor #2,200,005) now became my property in exchange for $150.00 paid to my father (or more accurately, subtracted from my allowance). And after a long hassle with my father I withdrew most of my savings account, with which I purchased by mail from Roof Motor Co., Laurel, Indiana, the first racing overhead-valve cylinder head ever to come to Ipswich. With it came a Bosch magneto and a Wheeler-Shebler racing carburetor. All these arrived three months before I was sixteen. Every weekend I used to take the train early Saturday from Boston to Ipswich to check Jim Gaudet's progress in installing these contrivances and in lowering the steering column so that I could later build bucket seats and a racing body. He also at my behest removed the front mudguards and threw them away.

Finally Jim Gaudet's work was finished and, almost simultaneously, on March 24, 1922 my

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

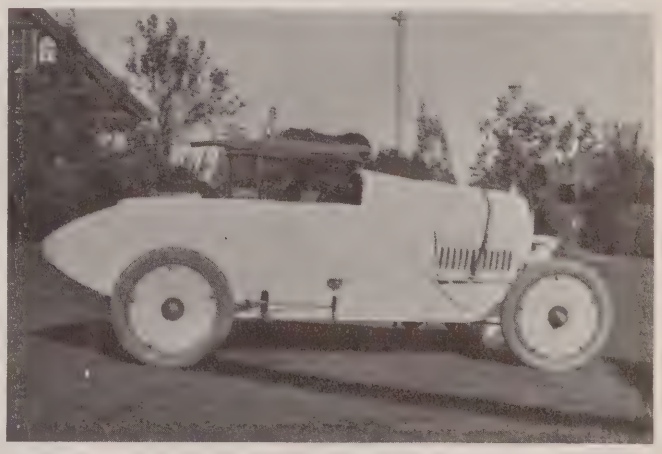
Too young for a license, and with one leg in a plaster cast, I nevertheless drove our car in 1921. Elizabeth and Alice are the scowling passengers.

sixteenth birthday arrived. I appeared at the Registry of Motor Vehicles in Boston at 8:00 A.M. on my birthday and was thus the first person in line when the doors opened an hour later. By 10:30 A.M. I had passed the test and had my license. This really wasn't surprising, since I had been driving both my mother and my Aunt Marian Nichols ever since I was twelve and had had at least 10,000 miles of illegal experience! Then I took the train to Ipswich and proudly drove my wonder car out of Ipswich Motors.

The wonder car was still fitted with the imitation disc wheels which I had laboriously made by hand when I was fourteen, and also still had its running boards, on one of which was fitted a storage box I had made the year before. Otherwise there was nothing but a grocery box over the gas tank; my father's scheme for keeping me under control was to require me to manufacture with my own hands the body for the car, if he would consent to the rest of the performance.

Proudly I drove down Argilla Road, sitting on the grocery box and testing the acceleration at frequent intervals, but not attempting any high speed until the engine should be "broken-in". Then up the driveway to our house she sped in high gear (we always had to use low before) even accelerating going up hill. I was jubilant when, as I reached the top of the hill, I started to turn around. The Inches' Lincoln was standing there while Mrs. Inches was calling on my mother and I planned to turn inside it from the opposite direction. At this moment centrifugal force took effect; the grocery box tipped up and I flew off over the side, bumped once on the runningboard and landed helpless in the grass. The driverless car continued in its circle and, to my utter horror, ran head-on into the Lincoln.

The Lincoln had a very stout bumper which engaged both front wheels of my car simultaneously and the latter proceeded to up-end itself until the unweighted rear wheels were about three feet off the ground. Then it slowly settled back to earth, whereat the motor stalled. The accident was over, neither car was hurt and I already had had a good lesson in the dangers of having my own license and my own racer.



Transformation of a Model T. Top: Our family station wagon in 1921. Next; same car before underslinging in spring 1922. Next to bottom; same car finished August 1922 (station wagon body in background is not on this car but on a new chassis behind) and, bottom; as rebuilt in 1923.

SHURCLIFF ALBUM

S.N.S. PHOTOS

Chandler at Mt. Washington Summit House, 1922. Two oranges in each pocket cause the bulges in his trousers.

Early morning, 1922, at A.M.C. Pinkham Notch Camp area; Chandler fills duffel bag.

During spring weekends I underslung the car myself. For a sixteen year old this was quite a performance, involving sawing the frame in two, shortening it, and bolting it together again, all holes in the frame being drilled by hand bit-brace. The underslinging irons I had bought through my "Bible" the "Fordowner". But it was not until school was over that I could start on my body-work.

In the meantime I had managed to overturn the car while driving a classmate, Louis Tappan, around in a tight circle on the grass at the Union Boat Club in order to show-off before the Noble's Crew squad. This disgraceful performance did not hurt either of us, since we were thrown clear onto the soft grass, and the car, being so light, was not much hurt either. But it caused me to reflect that my father had some right on his side, and I am pleased to report that I had no other serious accident in that car as long as I owned it. (To be fair, there were several narrow escapes, however. That car, when completed, could easily do seventy miles per hour!)

With the end of school, I went to work on the body of my car, with the results shown in the accompanying illustrations. Every piece of sheet metal I laboriously cut with tin snips and every bolt and rivet was inserted through holes in the metal drilled by hand. Only my father's friendly advice on how to accomplish these things prevented my giving up in discouragement. Finally, in mid-August when she was nearly done, Chandler and I decided to take her on our own personal camping trip to the White Mountains.

There was not enough time before the start of the camping trip to paint the new body, so we set off in a blaze of shimmering galvanized sheet-iron. The trip was a great success, as the illustrations suggest, but there is only one incident about it worth recording; when we reached the Pinkham Notch Camps of the Appalachian Mountain Club the manager came out to show us where to camp. It was none other than the famous Joe Dodge who is still the manager today (but now much more famous).

"What d'you call that thing?" said Joe, pointing in derision at my joy and pride, 'Galloping Asthma'?"

(Speaking of persons who have kept the same job a long time, one more should be mentioned. Jim Gaudet continued as head mechanic at Ipswich Motors until 1954. Now he has retired and lives on Wood's Lane in Ipswich.)

Later in the summer of 1922, after its body was finally painted, my brother Jack and I took an adventuresome trip in my racer to Hog Island. This Island had once had a wooden trestle bridge running out to it from Dean's Island but the trestle had been destroyed during a heavy storm (reportedly the "Portland" storm of about 1896) and in 1922 only a few piles from the old trestle remained. A rumor reached me, however, that after the loss of the trestle, the farmers on Hog Island had ballasted a road-bed in the bottom of a certain "crick" in order to take heavy equipment back and forth to the Island when very low tides permitted. Jack and I tried this out at a very low tide, and sure enough, despite being underslung, my car made the mile-long round trip, mostly in water almost up to the hubcaps, without faltering. As far as I know, Jack and I are the only residents of Argilla Road who have ever made this trip by automobile. Certainly no 1958 automobile (except a jeep) could negotiate such conditions.

The only other pre-1929 car of my own which is worthy of mention is the 1923 Marmon sport touring car which my brother William and I bought jointly in 1925. This was the sportiest car the Shurtleff's ever owned (my father assumed a pained expression every time he looked at it) but for a junior at Harvard it had very definite advantages. At this time Bill was a freshman, but he did not contest that there were advantages for a freshman, either.

Eventually Bill sold his share of the Marmon to my friend Edward R. Hamlin with whom I drove it to San Francisco in the summer of 1926, but that is another and very long story, which does not relate to the Road.

S.N.S. PHOTO

My brother Jack in the Ford racer in 1922 on the way to Choate Island. Lookout Tower in Essex, upper right, had already been decapitated at this early date.

PHOTO BY EDWARD R. HAMLIN

My 1923 Marmon in 1926 on top of Mt. Yellowstone, Wyoming. I was wearing two pairs of trousers.

WOLBACH

About 1922, in order to be closer to their very dear friends the Robbinses, Dr. and Mrs. S. Burt Wolbach of Sudbury, Massachusetts, bought the Rousmaniere house when that family moved away to Oyster Bay, Long Island. Dr. Wolbach, amongst whose activities in those days was the exposure of medium "Margery" as a faker of supernatural phenomena, was a man beloved by all for his jovial manner, his love of horses and the jokes which he cracked almost continuously in a very deep voice.

Mrs. Wolbach, the former Anna Wellington, was a gracious hostess and the mother of three boys, William (1915), John (1917) and Edmund (1919). These boys were brought up in close friendship with the younger Shurtleffs and Robbinses and with the Rantoul, Grinnell and Chipman children who were all about the same age.

For transportation, Dr. Wolbach rivalled the Cranes to the extent of owning the only other Crane Simplex on the Road. This was a grey 1915 touring car, the top of which was usually folded down in sunny weather. Dr. Wolbach also kept two or three horses in his barn and whenever he had a spare moment would ride one, with or without company, for a brisk canter on the beach or for an exploratory trip along the edges of the marshes and up such wild heights as Heartbreak or Caverly Hill.

Small sailboats were in great demand for the Wolbach boys who were at times enthusiastic racers in the tippy, little, flat-bottomed craft "Do-Little" for which Dr. Townsend had been sales agent. They also had the first really quiet outboard motor the Road had ever avoided hearing.

In answer to my request for photographs, Mrs. Wolbach wrote me on October 14, 1958:

> "It is always delightful to hear from an Ipswich friend, and to have the happy Ipswich days recalled. To my regret we were not using a camera in those days so I have no record of motor cars or festivities. The records were made by Dr. Wolbach with his moving picture camera, and, as I remember them, showed endless small boys diving into the creek. Even these are faded from age.
>
> "With pleasure, however, I am enclosing a snapshot, of Dr. Wolbach and me, taken by a friend on Crane Beach."

Dr. and Mrs. Wolbach

INCHES ALBUM

The three Wolbach boys about 1921.

OSBORNE

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Machado Osborne and their three children--Teddy, Maurice, Jr. (Mac) and Elizabeth--first came to Ipswich in 1924, for the summer of which year they rented the small Galacar bungalow (later to become the George Gilbert Smith house). The bungalow was much too small for the Osborne household, which at that time included mother-in-law Mrs. Charles Cabot, Sally Cabot and two maids, as well as the five Osbornes, and therefore was soon somewhat enlarged, but was never really big enough.

The Osbornes remained in the bungalow for five years during most of which their only car was a baby Fiat, imported from Italy in 1920. It was of light tan color with pigskin upholstery, tan top and black demountable wheels which were then a novelty. It also had a small air horn of the type then popular on Paris taxicabs. This car was sometimes hard to start, so it was usually left in position to coast (if desired) down the hill to the Townsend landing.

In 1929 the Osbornes bought from the Warners the large house in which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Warner had lived, and in this the family still resides today. Their fourth child, Charlie, was born in 1930.

Mr. Osborne was an enthusiastic outdoors man and a great friend of my father's. The two of them, sometimes accompanied by young Shurtleffs, frequently went on walking trips in the White Mountains or motored to Cornish, N. H., where they visited my grandmother Nichols. Mr. Osborne was also an enthusiastic skier and a founder-member of the White Mountain Ski Runners.

OSBORNE ALBUM

Mr. Osborne and son "Mac" in the baby Fiat, 1927.

S.N.S. PHOTO

"Mac" Osborne about 1928.

RIGHT:

Elizabeth and "Mac" Osborne in same Fiat. House in background was later owned by George G. Smiths.

OSBORNE ALBUM

VAN WYCK

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Van Wyck first came to Ipswich in 1927 when they rented the Barney house, not just for the summer, but on a year-round basis, thus starting a new trend. Mr. Van Wyck was an executive in the S. D. Warren Paper Co. with offices in Boston. His wife was a semi-invalid who remained most of the time indoors, and very few people on the Road got to know her.

Mr. Van Wyck liked to do things in style. For an automobile he had a black Lancia touring car which was usually driven by his Filipino butler, who also doubled as a uniformed chauffeur.

One day in 1928 when the Van Wycks were being driven to Boston by the chauffeur he became alarmed by what he thought was the whistle of an approaching train. This occurred as they approached the same railroad crossing on the Newburyport turnpike, in Peabody, where Mr. Higinbotham had nearly lost his spare tire about twelve years earlier. Without taking a second look for the approaching train, the Filipino, whose nerves were on edge, swerved the car off the road and over a bank where it turned on its side and spilled out its occupants. The chauffeur was not hurt but Mrs. Van Wyck was seriously injured and "Van" himself received minor injuries. In addition to being injured the Van Wycks were very much annoyed, because no train had been coming at all! It was all the chauffeur's imagination.

Because of the wreck at the railroad crossing, Mr. Van Wyck fired the Filipino and traded in his wrecked Lancia on one of the first Model A

VANWYCK ALBUM

Mr. Benjamin S. VanWyck about 1928.

VANWYCK ALBUM

The VanWycks first Model A Ford, 1928, during fishing trip to mountains.

Ford seen on the Road, a dark blue touring car. He also employed a new chauffeur in the person of "Fatty" Manthorne who had previously, for many years, been a driver of Model T Fords for Mr. Grady, and who was regarded as just about as reckless a driver as Geoffrey Goodale.

At about this time Mr. Van Wyck bought the Lord house, divorced Mrs. Van Wyck and soon remarried. Thus with a new wife, new house, new car and new chauffeur he started a second life which unfortunately for the reader began just at the date where my story ends. Therefore I will only say that "Van" was my next door neighbor for more than twenty years thereafter and that he and his new wife and children have a permanent place in the affections of the Shurcliff family.

GRINNELL

Mr. Frank W. Grinnell, crack Boston lawyer, bought the Rantoul farmhouse and barn (previously presided over by Blauvelt) in 1927, having first becoming familiar with Ipswich by renting the Barney house for the summer of 1926. The Grinnells had need of a summer home not only for themselves but also for their three children, Leslie (1911), Frank (1914) and Charles (1919). The proximity to the three Rantoul children, who were almost the same ages, made this an especially fortunate choice.

The Grinnells not only completely rebuilt the farmhouse but also converted the dilapidated barn into a combination of badminton court, pool room, den and library downstairs and sleeping quarters upstairs. The game rooms were especially appreciated by the younger generation, who made double use of them as a small theatre for charades and amateur productions.

For many years, the Grinnell transportation remained the same car, a 1926 Model-T Ford sedan which was always called "Blunderbuss". Since Mr. Grinnell never learned to drive, Mrs. Grinnell, who was not mechanically minded, had willy-nilly to become the family chauffeur. As Leslie phrased it when I talked with her on October 28, 1958 "Mother never became sympathetic with the machinery in the car!"

LESLIE GRINNELL

Mr. & Mrs. Grinnell and their barn.

LESLIE GRINNELL

Grinnell barn in 1927 before restoration, "Blunderbuss" in center.

LESLIE GRINNELL

Leslie Grinnell, 16, at approach side of Grinnell house.

LESLIE GRINNELL

Early morning breakfast after the 1927 night on the beach. Mr. Grinnell in blanket bends over at left. To his right stands E.H.S., unknown girl, M.H.S. and A.W.S. W.A.S. faces fire between them.

As an example, Mrs. Grinnell had found out one thing for certain; namely that the engine would not stall if it was making plenty of noise. Therefore when she wanted to start forward or backward she would advance the hand throttle to "wide open" and wait till she heard adequate evidence of motor power. Then, with all her strength, she would jam down the appropriate pedal of the planetary transmission and with a single monumental jerk the car would be on its way.

"Blunderbuss" was used not only for transportation but also to teach the younger Grinnells and Rantouls to drive. As soon as some of the boys had learned, they surreptitiously used to drive in the fields around the Grinnell and Rantoul places without much regard either for the landscape or for the underside of "Blunderbuss", which was made to climb stone walls and hedges, straddle juniper bushes and cross corn stubble. On at least one occasion, when Mrs. Grinnell was about to take the car to drive in to the train she found the muffler had been stripped off the bottom of the car by such antics.

The Grinnells were always associated with the long-standing Road custom of spending a night on the inner beach during Labor-Day weekend. The customary participation of the Grinnell's in this event has been described by my brother William as follows:

"The Grinnells were loyal to the night-on-the-beach custom, and attended regularly. When the fireside singing turned to solo ballads, Mr. Grinnell came into his own: he remembered all the verses to half a dozen Irish ditties and barnyard ballads, and cast the words with fine plaintive grace into the dark night air. When he paused for breath, daughter Leslie carried on with equal competence. As the evening wore on, and after the very youngest and eldest had slunk off to their dew-covered blankets and sleeping bags, Mr. Grinnell remained, immobile, standing 10 ft. from the fire, with eyes shut, and with an old blanket over his shoulders. The dwindling fire was forgotten by everyone - except Mr. Grinnell. Every half hour he would spring into action - grab another scraggly log and toss it onto the glowing embers. Then he resumed his sleeping statue posture."

In my recent talk with Leslie Grinnell (during which her father was rapidly scanning the morning paper before starting promptly at 9:00 to walk to his office) she reminded me that the scene the morning after beach-night was never quite as cheerful as the previous eve, and she produced as evidence the accompanying photograph, which she had labeled at the time she took it "The Cold Grey Dawn of the Morning After".

In 1935 the neighborhood as well as the Grinnells received a great blow when their social center, the barn, burned down. It was never replaced, although the Grinnells remained in the farmhouse until 1947, when they sold to the present owners, the Maxwell E. Fosters.

OTHERS ON THE ROAD

Another family who lived on the Road near the end of my period were Dr. and Mrs. Phillip D. Wilson who, about 1922, built what is now the Sibley house and brought up their three children there. Dr. Wilson, who had become Dr. Osgood's professional partner, was an enthusiastic tennis player. Mrs. Wilson, the former Germaine Poirier, a war-bride of World War I, at first had difficulty with the English language, but this was soon overcome. Her mother had been the famous French actress, "Madame Rejane", and Mrs. Wilson had inherited her mother's ability, as she easily demonstrated in charades and amateur theatricals. The three children were Phillip Jr., Marianne, and Paul.

Many other families rented or lived for short intervals on the Road prior to 1929, but aside from the Potters and the George Gilbert Smiths, all those who remained for any extended period have already been represented on these pages. I have applied for help to both of these families but Dr. Smith has reported to me that he has nothing available to include in the early period when he occasionally rented a horse on the Road for the summer. In 1929 he bought the cottage previously occupied by the Osbornes (now Pereira) but 1929 is the date when my story ends.

The John Briggs Potter family consisted of heavily-bearded Mr. Potter, his wife Ellen who was (and is) Mrs. Roger Warner's sister, and their two children Ellen and Mary. They lived in the present Osborne house after Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Warner died, and before the Osbornes bought the house. A letter of inquiry to Mrs. John Swann (Mary Potter) had not been answered as this went to the printer.

Amongst those who rented for shorter periods prior to 1929, the Spellmans and Towles have already been mentioned in relation to the Townsends, Richardsons and Lords.

In 1917 Dr. and Mrs. Fred B. Lund rented from their great friends, the Taylors, their house for the summer and all of the older Lund children still have vivid memories of their stay on the Road. They were especially friendly with the Goodale, Townsend and Nash children who were

PHOTO COURTESY DR. CHARLES W. LUND

Edward G. and Joseph W. Lund pose in '05 or '06 Stevens Duryea in 1909. Charles Lund learned to drive this car in 1908 at age 13.

PHOTO COURTESY DR. CHARLES W. LUND

Joseph W. Lund in 1909, in probably '08 or '09 Knox, but may have been a Stevens Duryea.

all about their ages. The children were Dr. Charles C., Fred B. Jr., Joseph W., Edward G. and their little sister Lydia who was then three (now Mrs. Lydia L. Kennard).

The Percy Musgrave family rented the Goodale Orchard house for two or three summers beginning about 1921 and pleasant memories remain with many of us today of Mrs. Musgrave, her two sisters, the Misses Porter, and of the three Musgrave children, Percy, Eleanor, "Pelly" (now Mrs. John G. Flint), and Rosamond, "Mimi" (now Mrs. John R. Van Nagell).

Another family which will not be forgotten was that of Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Chipman who rented the Lord house for the summers of 1926 and '27. Their three daughters "Connie", Faith and Mary (known as "Chippy") were wholeheartedly received by the community and very much missed when they departed. Since then Constance has become Mrs. Fernie, Faith, Mrs. Parker and Mary the wife of Judge Edmund V. Keville.

DODGE ALBUM

Mr. & Mrs. Dodge and Sally being driven by John LaFortune in Rockport, 1915.

NEIGHBORS

For the first time in my life I am driving a car! It is late June of 1918 and I am twelve.

For nearly a whole year I have been watching my mother operate the controls of our Model T Ford station wagon and, when the car has been motionless with engine shut off, I have been sitting in it, practicing these same motions by the hour.

Now my mother has succumbed to my blandishments and, despite the fact that the minimum legal age for a driver's license is sixteen, I am actually at the wheel! The purpose of our trip is to call on Mrs. Robert G. Dodge on Jeffrey's Neck Road. Down Argilla Road I have driven with success, then mother has relieved me through the town of Ipswich, and now I have taken over again. We turn the sharp corner into the Dodge's driveway and proceed smoothly and slowly down the long, shaded avenue to the main house where there is a small (very) turnaround at the front door.

During all my practicing I have planned what to do in case of an unexpected emergency. With a Model T, in case of crisis, it is only necessary to reach for the emergency brake handle near the floor and pull it back hard. This not only applies the brake but also automatically disengages the power, thus bringing the car to a quick stop.

As I approach the Dodge turnaround I begin to panic, but immediately reassure myself that the emergency brake will save me in case of trouble. We start around the turnaround, still in high gear. All at once it is clear to both of us that it is too small for the car to negotiate. A grape arbor shading the walk to the front entrance surges at us.

It's an emergency! I grab for the brake handle as planned -- but it won't budge! I pull again -- nothing happens. I look down -- in my excitement I have grabbed not the brake handle but the iron rod next to it which braces the windshield. I am paralyzed; I can't let go of the rod and I can't think.

Crash! We hit the grape arbor with our right front headlight. The structure of the arbor sways and cracks but slows down the car enough so that it stalls dead. We jump out, sweating -- the headlight rim has fallen off, the glass is broken and the headlight has been pushed back and up so that it drunkenly ogles the big elm tree overhead. The post supporting one side of the grape arbor has been broken and the arbor sags, also drunkenly. There is nobody in sight and the windows of the house are all closed.

"I think no one is home" says my mother, shaken. "Pick up that broken glass, and let's get out of here!"

We both pick up glass, throwing apprehensive glances over our shoulders at the house. Then we push the car backward off the arbor and I lift the crank. We're off without being caught!

To attempt to list nearby friends who formed a part of the Argilla Road community so many years ago is to invite criticism, for the constant friends of one family might well have been almost unknown to another. For example, to those families like the Rantouls, who belonged to the Myopia Hunt Club, the list of close friends varied widely from that of those families who did not participate in Myopia activities. But despite the danger of being accused of favoritism, I feel secure in observing that the following families, at a minimum, were involved in so many facets of the life of the Road that they were regarded as a part of it. Listed alphabetically, these were the Bournes, Dodges, Doughtys, DuBloises, Ewells, Masons, Perrys and Langdon Warners. Of these, the Langdon Warners already have been mentioned in connection with the Roger Warners.

S.N.S. PHOTO

Philip Bourne about 1922.

Mr. Frank A. Bourne was a Boston architect who with his wife, Gertrude, and only child, Philip, spent many summers in the historic Emerson house on Turkey Shore Road opposite the Green St. bridge in Ipswich. Mrs. Bourne was, and is today, an able painter and Philip, who was just between my age and that of my sister Sarah, was a frequent visitor to many different households up and down the Road. He would often bring with him his friend Rupert MacLaurin and the pair of them had many adventures in a very leaky sailboat which they had the use of. For transportation the Bournes at first used Model T

DODGE ALBUM

Mrs. Dodge loads Cadillac in front of their house, 1918. Back of the car can be seen the spliced arbor post which the author had damaged.

DODGE ALBUM

Mr. R. G. Dodge on summit of Mt. Chocorua, 1917.

DODGE ALBUM

The ladies of the Dodge household in 1924. Khaki, Eleanor, Sally, Alice and Mrs. Dodge.

touring cars and sedans, but near the end of their Ipswich stay graduated to the splendors of a 1923 Hupmobile sedan, the first car I rode in with "balloon" tires replacing the old spindly ones.

In 1917, when Mr. Robert G. Dodge first came to Ipswich, he was one of Boston's most respected lawyers and this prestige he still enjoys today. With him came his charming wife and four equally charming daughters. Mr. Dodge and all four daughters were tennis players, which formed one of many common bonds with the residents of the Road. The Dodges first car was an Oakland, of which no pictures are available. This they owned before 1917, when they were summer residents of Rockport. Their next car, also in the Rockport days, was a Cadillac, of which a picture is herewith reproduced. The chauffeur for that car was John LaFortune. One morning Mr. Dodge read a headline in the Gloucester Times - "AUTOMOBILE HITS TREE ..... BECOMES JUNK". That was the end of the Cadillac ..... and of John LaFortune's employment by the Dodges. After they first came to Ipswich all of the Dodge's cars were driven by John Farquahar who today is still driving for Mr. Dodge. After the early Cadillacs came a series of Packard sport tourings, usually black with tan tops and red disc wheels. As a companion, a station wagon was always in the garage, usually a Ford or Chevrolet.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Doughty always lived

DODGE ALBUM

John Farquahar (today in his 42nd year in service for the Dodges) as he posed in the Dodge's new Ford, about 1919.

on Green Street not far from the Bournes, and for a number of years he was the owner and editor of the Ipswich Chronicle. They had three children, Howard Jr., Julia (now Mrs. Pierpont Stackpole), and James. Their transportation was always by Model T Ford. In 1921 Howard Jr., Sally Robbins and I were in a minor disaster in a Doughty car. We were attempting to reach a picnic on Wingaersheek Beach in West Gloucester via an abandoned wood-road when there was an audible "clunk" as we passed over a big rock. Two miles later, in pitch darkness, the motor overheated and then, enveloped in a cloud of evil-smelling smoke, "froze up" solid. The stone in

the road had knocked a hole in the crankcase, draining out all the oil, and now the motor was completely ruined. We had a long, frantic walk in the dark before we could find a main road and a Good Samaritan to drive us home. A rescue expedition towed in the car for overhaul the next morning.

The DuBlois house, on Topsfield Road, was the one until recently occupied by the Crocker Snows. Both Mr. George DuBlois and his daughter Betty were fond of tennis and of yachting. Mr. DuBlois, together with Mr. Dodge, organized an annual men's tennis tournament to supplement the Crane Cup tournament and in this my mother recalls playing several times, since there were not enough men to go around. When not playing tennis or working at his real estate management office in Boston (DuBlois and Madison) Mr. DuBlois could usually be found on his small yacht in or near Marblehead Harbor. For automobiles, as I recall it, it was usually Cadillacs for Mr. DuBlois and Buicks for Betty.

The Arthur W. Ewell's place, Long Hill, in Rowley had been handed down in the family from generation to generation since the original Royal Grant. The Ewells employed my father to lay out their flower gardens and the driveway which still today leads through three-quarters of a mile of woodland and pasture (and a pond called "The Ewell Sea"), but this was not by any means their only connection with Argilla Rd. for they came to the Road to swim, play tennis, spend the "night-on-the-beach" and join in dinner parties. There were three Ewell children, Millicent "Mitty" (now Mrs. Bayard Tuckerman Jr.), John and Jane (now Mrs. Jane Dane). These children were frequently transported to the Townsend boat-landing by their aunt, Miss Millicent Estabrook, who always owned the sportiest car in the family, and which for some time I remember was a dark-blue LaSalle touring with tan upholstery and six red wire wheels including one on each running-board. This very handsome car was one of the first LaSalles ever built, and the only one to be seen on the Road at that time.

My particular tie with the Ewells in those days was Dr. Ewell, who loved duck hunting, and although I was a whole generation younger, he would frequently, by prearrangement, pick me up in his Buick at the bottom of our driveway (so as not to wake up the household) at 4:30 A.M. Then we would go out in my motor boat for a long, sometimes seasick morning, of coot-shooting in Ipswich Bay or of freezing in a blind on the Ipswich marshes. Seasick or freezing, Dr. Ewell always had interesting stories to tell.

The Herbert W. Mason's lived, from about 1912, in the large house on Heartbreak Rd. now occupied by the Albert Burrages and it was Mrs. Persis Mason, it will be recalled, who has already figured in my description of a Robbins supper hour. There were three Mason children,

PHOTO COURTESY JANE EWELL DANE

Some Ewell's and visitors, "Long Hill", Rowley, about 1921. Janie, Jack; Mr. & Mrs. Charles Thayer of Worcester, Mrs. Ewell and Miss Estabrook.

Eleanor, (now Mrs. Edward Buxton), Elizabeth and Persis Jr. (now Mrs. Steven Morris). Mr. Mason, who was very fond of tennis, not only was a regular player in the Crane Cup tournament but also had his own tennis court built and here some of the tournament matches were held. He was also host, at least once, for the 4th of July fireworks; a really marvelous display which I shall never forget. It was, nevertheless, a failure for Roger Warner, Jr. who had to be carried to the hospital in the middle of the "grand finale" to have his appendix removed!

For transport the Mason's had, when first they arrived, a Pierce Great-Arrow touring car, an elegant seven passenger model with brass galore and a chauffeur, in freshly starched uniform, at the right-hand-drive wheel. Later, Mr. Mason supplanted the chauffeur, at least part of the time, and for his own use had a black Hudson four passenger sport touring (a rival of the famous Jordan "Playboy" of those days) with red artillery wheels. Another Hudson, a black seven passenger touring with white painted sidewalls, the property of the Woods family, often brought Joe Woods to call on his cousin, Eleanor Mason. Finally, when Eleanor was sixteen her father gave her a new 1921 Maxwell touring car for a birthday present and in this glossy, black little vehicle she could be seen driving with her frequent companion, Percy Musgrave, at almost any hour of day or night.

Reverend and Mrs. Carroll Perry came to Ipswich about 1920 when he assumed the pulpit of the Ascension Memorial Church. Mrs. Perry and her daughter Theodora still remain Ipswich residents, and Carroll Jr., of Washington, D. C. is still a frequent visitor. By coincidence, Mrs. Perry is a direct descendant of the same General Dennison who originally owned the Vickery property. Dr. Perry and his family were much involved in all of Argilla Road life, except the hymn singing, which, of course, was in direct competition with the Reverend Perry's own Sunday morning duties! For transportation, the Perrys confined themselves to Dodges and small-size Buicks about none of which do I have recollection to record.

MRS. CARROLL PERRY

Reverend Carroll Perry at a beach picnic.

Lest We Forget

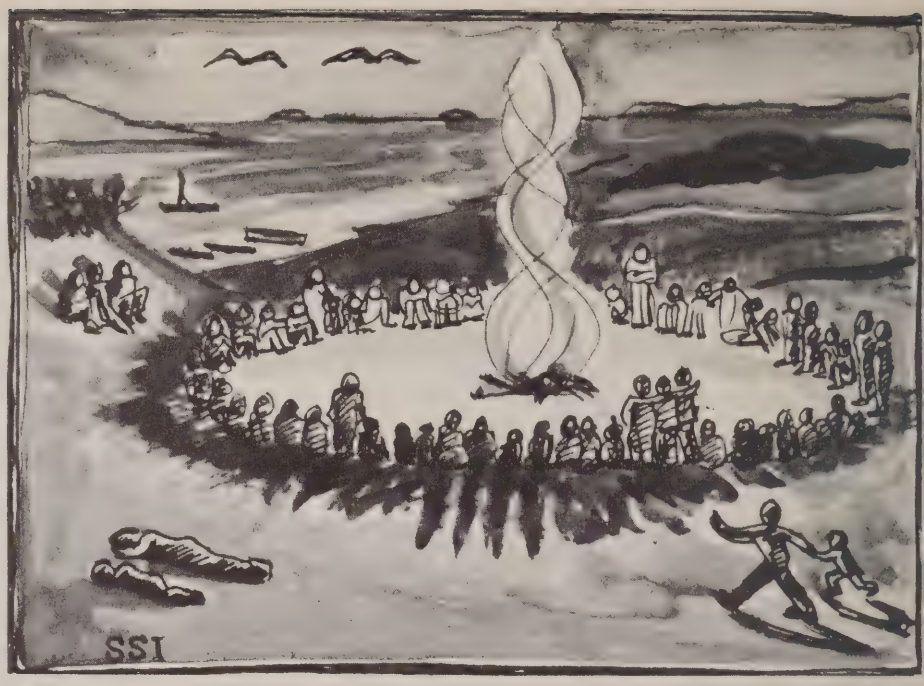


ILLUSTRATION BY SARAH SHURCLIFF INGELFINGER

VERSES BY CHANDLER ROBBINS, IInd

ALONE, the sage* saw from the deep
The ruddy dawn rise clear
And little clouds with flaming heads
Moved slowly, as the day drew near.

And over the roar of churning surf
The sea gulls' screaming filled the air
As thousands at once rose up and flew
Sea-ward as the day drew near.

Lonely, the bearded sage now stood
Watching the sea birds gracefully soar;
They left him, and he smiled and thought
This glory should be viewed by more.

First one, and then another comes:
A boatload of a score or more,
A motor stalled and frantic cries
As sea-ward drifted a load of four.

A kyak here, a sailboat there,
A splash as blankets fall in water,
O, who has seen my picnic basket
And where, O where, my little daughter?

* Dr. Charles Townsend.

All manner of craft assembled here
And many more are on the way,
All Ipswich and their friends have gone
To honor glorious Labor Day.

Ellen, Alice, Celina, Jean Tuckerman, too,
Anchor their boat on the sandy shore;
When morning comes, if it ever does,
They must push their boat back a half-mile or more.

In khaki and gray Teddy Osborne, Charles G.,
Foreseeing the plight of the Ipswich daughters,
Leave theirs outside and swim ashore;
Next morn their boat's far in channel waters.

And here, bearing thermos and basket of fruit,
With cheerful smile of work well done,
Mrs. Wolbach has climbed to the highest dune
And spreads a feast in the setting sun.

Another household now is here;
The Smiths with Margaret, Huldah and Jane
Are cooking corn and soup and hams;
Great quantities, but none soon will remain.

Charlie Townsend is here, his dog eating clams.
Lord Jeff is prepared for a night long as he;
Richard Smiths with nectarines that they grew;
From the dunes comes John Wolbach bearing a tree.

The Haydocks are swarming – look at them – count them.
A huge tent put up lest there be rain;
Hot and cold running water and full kitchenette –
These New Yorkers must have that – 'tis hard to explain.

And now comes a motor boat low in the water
Bearing people from Manchester, Beverly, Squam.
They are here; who arranged it? Mrs. Shurcliff, they say,
But they wouldn't have missed it; no boat, they'd have swam.

In nine places at once Mrs. Shurcliff is moving,
Knowing the places lost chattels lurk;
She guards the Cranes' gate, she guides those in boats,
No one ever has seen Mrs. Shurcliff shirk.

What manner of craft is this we see?
The Warners are in her; surely that's not unpleasant.
Ask Sturge what it is, he might reply
" Motor boat * me this for a birthday present."

Assembled, a hundred are cooking and eating,
Sand in the sandwiches, sand in the corn.
We speak of all matters from insects to politics,
But one thought in all – will it rain before dawn?

*Anglo-Saxon for " Mother bought."

All meet once again at this great occasion,
Odd people appearing from all parts of the land;
We are bound by one deep mutual feeling
Down the neck, in the shoes, in the mouth – of sand.

Some, come but once, see a madmen's supper.
Most have come here again and again.
And now if you seek the heaviest eater
John Shurcliff wins over all, it is plain.

A hurry of hoofs, a whoop and a call,
Dr. Wolbach appears in the western sky,
One glad word of greeting to all, and then
Home to a bed that's soft and dry.

The eating now over, the groups slowly gather
In a crescent around the flashing fire,
And silence slowly settles down
Awaiting the birth of the sand-dunes choir.

Suddenly, clearly, rich and true,
The moment we have waited long,
With Sherlock Holmes hat and fireman's shirt
Dr. Osgood leads us into song.

Then ballads and chorales and glees and jazz,
Hymns and love songs and French folk tunes,
Drinking songs, mother songs, war songs, college songs;
Herons, rabbits and deer have left the dunes.

As hoarser the throats and fewer the choices,
The old guard of honor retires in the night,
Thinking perhaps that in years before this,
They had harmonies sweeter and stories more bright.

After groping and stumbling o'er kettles and bottles,
They seek blankets and into the distance far roam.
As they burrow and roll on the cold hard sand,
They wonder what madness sent them from home.

And madness has seized those left by the fire,
And rowdy tales, laughter, fly up with the flames.
The pun club in fury shouts hoarsely its ravings,
More songs and more stories and then guessing games.

Some part for a chill ocean swim on the beach;
As past snoring hulks they giggle and run,
A sleepless mother, disturbed by the turmoil,
Wonders now with whose daughter is rushing her son.

And here deep in sand, with both feet uncovered,
A father in anger with open eye
Wonders if that dark cloud to the westward
Means morning rain from a cheerless sky.

At last fatigue has silenced the gayest,
Around the fire, a dishevelled lot
Sleeps soundly regardless of who is near,
Rolling over and back, first too cold, then too hot.

All Ipswich recumbent we might here find
Well past midnight, apparently all is well,
But one lone figure stands, a shepherd,
Feeding the fire – of course – Grinnell.

For the lost child he finds a blanket,
For the hungry he finds some food,
Always keeping the flames bright burning,
Doubtless in them eternally consigning his brood.

By some miracle the clouds have faded,
By a greater miracle all find some sleep;
Even our guardian reposes standing,
A dim red glow appears in the deep.

It grows and brightens, the night is gone,
Dawn uncovers a woeful, battered scene
Of sand-covered pans and bottles and blankets
And sand-buried heads of dishevelled mien.

From uneasy sleep there is a stirring,
A moving and groaning and weary sighs,
The realization a day is before us,
A poor likeness to rest is that sand in the eyes.

But cheerily watching the colors of sunrise,
On dune-top we see them in little crowds;
All equally uncomfortable, we see them laughing
As gold and red fringes on little clouds.

Ten columns of smoke – ten pots of coffee;
The sizzling of bacon and eggs begins,
A powdering of noses, a straightening of hair,
And dark are the thatches on whiskered chins.

But the food revives them, the coffee inspires them,
And a strange exultation has seized them all.
Perhaps surprise that all are still living
Gives strength as beachward the blankets they haul.

True, one figure, long, sleeps soundly on,
It matters not if sand be his bed.
Who is it? And curious giggling children
Surround the sleeping Sidney's head.

At last the time has come for parting,
One by one, boats, canoes, are slowly launched,
Each boat with someone else's blankets
And baskets and pans is roundly paunched.

* * *

Long since the sea gulls screamed and fled
From such a gathering by the shore,
And somehow in the end I think I hear
A deep-throated laugh in the ocean's roar.

C. R. II

At the end of the 1920's many epoch-changing events occurred, some of which had local, and a few national, significance. Local events included the razing of the Cranes' Italian Villa and its replacement with the present reproduction of London's "Ham House", the Crane Pacific Expedition of 1928-29 with Cornelius Crane as Leader and myself as Photographer, and the changing of our family name by my father, from Shurtleff to Shurcliff. National events included the First Byrd Antarctic Expedition of 1928-30 of which Eddie Goodale and Freddie Crockett were important members (also Norman Vaughan of nearby Hamilton), the beginning of the Great Depression, and the end of the primitive period in the design of American motor cars; when the "Model T" Ford finally "bit the dust". So here my history, reluctantly and affectionately, closes.

VICKERY ALBUM

THE END

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